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The People versus The Politicians

IN spite of the "reassuring" communique, it is fairly certain that the rearmament of Western Germany will have to be postponed for a time. Thanks to the historic debates in the German Bundestag and the French Assembly, the careful timetable of Mr. Acheson and General Eisenhower, under which a cut-and-dried plan for a European Army was to be presented at Lisbon, and rubber-stamped within a few weeks by Parliaments, can scarcely be fulfilled. The Western world has, we hope, been given time for second thoughts.

It is symptomatic of our desperate dependence on the U.S. that Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden regard these developments as "a grave crisis." All this week they have been dutifully assisting Mr. Acheson to plaster over the cracks in the facade of Franco-German accord. We regard this "grave crisis" as a piece of unexpected good news, a welcome sign of renewed European vitality. Despite the application by the U.S. of all its enormous economic and diplomatic pressures, German and French public opinions at the very last moment have compelled their respective Parliaments to say "No" to the imperious American demand for German divisions. No doubt many of the motives which impel the majority of Germans and Frenchmen to resist Washington are very different. But the two nations are united at least by the common fear that the completely artificial form of "Defence Community" into which they are being dragooned may well precipitate the war it is supposed to prevent.

Of course there is a difference between the attitude of the peoples and that of the politicians. M. Schuman and Dr. Adenauer have been concerned to prevent a stoppage in the flow of dollars and so compelled to accept the American plan in principle. Thus they have already been dragged halfway down the road. But the German and the French peoples do not feel in any way committed to the elaborate compromises and military blueprints which the experts have been working out for months in secret session and which were not even revealed to the two Parliaments before their debates on the two projects. What is clear from those two debates is that a European Defence Community, which includes German divisions, can only be imposed on Western Europe against the expressed wish of its peoples. When Mr. Acheson talks of bringing France and Germany together and reconciling their differences, he should remember that so far the one undoubted point of unity between them is opposition to his plans!

We appreciate that the unexpected resistance of the Parliaments puts Mr. Truman and General Eisenhower in a difficult position, since they have promised the American people a quick solution of the European problem. In an election year each of them stands to lose in American esteem if these rash promises are not fulfilled. But is it seriously argued that the fate of Europe should be decided according to the exigencies of American domestic policies? It is here that Britain could play a decisive role. So far unfortunately Mr. Eden appears to have contented himself with denying that there are any real differences and assuring us that everything will be all right if everyone is nice to everyone else.

After all, he can say to M. Schuman, "When the Americans in September 1950 demanded a German national army, it was you and Mr. Pleven who put forward the alternative of a European army. Why then should Britain extricate you from your difficulties now that this European army is seen to be nothing but a facade to cover German rearmament? We always told you so. Be brave, my dear colleague. Go into the cage with the Germans. We promise to help you—from outside the bars—if the Germans bite after all." This attitude is insular and ignominious. It is also disastrously short-sighted. We are as directly affected by the dangers implicit in German rearmament as the French. It is in our interest as well as theirs to encourage the mass opposition to rearmament which is the one healthy characteristic of Western Germany to-day. To sit on our island and watch the Americans force German rearmament on our ally is surely as stupid as it is immoral.

If Mr. Eden has already surrendered—as seems to be the case—the responsibility for straight talking to the Americans falls on the Labour Opposition. Fortunately on this issue, Mr. Attlee's record as Prime Minister is a good one. It was Mr. Bevin who went to New York in September, 1950, and in face

of the American ultimatum agreed to the principle of a German contribution to Western defence. That disastrous surrender of a dying man was redeemed in the following February by Mr. Attlee himself when he laid down four conditions which the British Government would enforce before Germany was rearmed.

> We have accepted the need for a contribution from Germany, but the time, method and conditions will require a great deal of working out. There is first of all the provision of arms. Obviously the rearmament of the countries of the Atlantic Treaty must precede that of Germany. Second, I think the building up of forces in the democratic States should precede the creation of German forces. Third, the arrangements must be such that German units are integrated in the defence forces in a way which would preclude the emergence again of a German military menace. Four, there must be agreement with the Germans themselves.

Each of these four conditions will be violated if the present plans for a European Defence Community are refurbished and pushed through at Lisbon. Mr. Attlee should now demand a postponement of any further discussion of German rearmament. The Labour Party should also recall that in the last resort the only alternative to the emergence of a rearmed, aggressive Western Germany is the unification of Germany by agreement between East and West.

Agenda for Lisbon

Apart from the question of the German contribution, the agenda for the Lisbon conference bristles with knotty problems. An effort will have to be made to fix, with some degree of realism, the 1954 targets for the armed forces of European members of N.A.T.O. other than Germany; there is the question how far the "Defence Community" is to have any sort of co-ordinating political authority in permanent session; and Ministers will have to decide how far they can carry their Parliaments towards acceptance of the Harriman Committee's demand for increased expenditure on arms.

Then there is the question how much American assistance will be forthcoming, and how it is to be apportioned between the various claimants. In this issue we trust that the British delegation will have it firmly in mind that the long-term interests of Britain make it vital that any aid which we receive from the U.S. should take the form of direct military supplies. It is, of course, tempting to ask instead for dollars, which can be used not merely to buy raw materials for the manufacture of munitions but also to relieve the immediate strain on our balance of foreign payments. This advantage, however, would be deceptive. If we receive aid in the form of direct arms shipments, we shall at least avoid *pro tanto* the need to switch industrial production from exports to munitions. If, on the other hand, we fall into the trap of accepting so-called "economic" assistance, at the cost of ceding export markets still further to U.S. and other competitors, we shall compromise gravely our whole industrial future. In a choice of evils it is better that our armed forces should be dependent on American supplies than that we should forfeit our chances of achieving economic independence.

Peace with China

The Communists and the U.N. truce delegates have now agreed in principle that there should be a political conference to discuss, within three months of an armistice, the withdrawal of foreign troops and "the peaceful settlement of the Korean question, etc." Is the question of Formosa included in the "etc."? It seems that the military men have decided on a temporary gloss so that the real problem—which is peace with China—will be passed over to the political conference. In that case the only points that remain for settlement at Panmunjom are the repatriation of prisoners and the Communist insistence on the right to maintain and improve airfields.

In Britain, Formosa and Korea are seen to be integrally related, and Mr. Attlee, supported by the entire Labour movement, has once more made it clear that the Korean truce must be regarded as a stage towards peace with China. It must be made plain to the U.S. that Britain is no more willing to be led into a war by Dulles than it was by MacArthur. Because we need maximum unity on this issue, this journal deprecates controversies on the secondary issue of the origin of the Korean war which divide those who are working for peace. Examination of numerous documents published by those who wish to hold that South Korea was the aggressor shows that almost everything bad has been proved against South Korea except actual military aggression. The only evidence against the North is that its heavily armoured invasion force could not have been ready without six months' preparation. The facts remain obscure and, as we complained in 1950, were not properly investigated by U.N. We suggest that to-day the path of wisdom for those who want to prevent war is to refuse to quarrel about this historical issue and to seek the largest possible unity at a time when the weight of British public opinion has still an opportunity to turn the scale in favour of peace.

More Out of Work

The figures of unemployment for January show an increase of nearly 76,000 over the December total, from 1.6 to 1.8 per cent of the numbers on the register. The total, 378,700, is still small in comparison with pre-war levels; but the rise is ominous. The areas most affected are London and the North-West—the industries, textiles, clothing and furniture. There is also every reason to believe that in addition to actual unemployment there is a rapidly growing amount, not only of regular short-time working, but also of sheer standing about. This applies even in the metal trades, where work is slowed down by shortage of materials rather than by dearth of workers. Over the past year, total civil employment increased; but it was already falling before the year ended. As between January and December, employment in the metal and vehicle trades increased by 118,000, but the textile and clothing trades fell by 78,000. Only a small part of these changes can be attributed to increased employment directly in arms-making, though this is, of course, a growing factor. Most of it must be due to tighter conditions in consumers' markets, abroad as well as at home. The employment figures as a whole suggest that under the existing conditions it would be very easy by relatively mild further restriction of credit to bring about a really serious increase of unemployment in the consumers' trades. The difficulty, in view of the immobility of labour, would be to achieve an equivalent expansion elsewhere.

WASHINGTON

Which Wonderful Guy?

A Washington Correspondent writes: Mr. Truman does not know whether he wants to run again. The President has now made it plain that he has still not reached a final decision, and has hinted very strongly that his own plans are dependent on what happens in the opposite camp. There the situation is equally hazy. Senator Taft appears to be catching up in the popularity contests. Public-opinion polls, for which Truman still holds a natural enough contempt, now claim that Taft and Eisenhower are almost equal in their attractions for people who regard themselves as Republicans, though Eisenhower has still an appreciable lead with independent voters and Taft has an ever-tightening grip on the party stalwarts, who apparently would prefer to lose with a regular (and keep the machine together with the thin end of the patronage stick which the minority can claim) than win with an irregular who will feel no compulsion to reward long and faithful years of tilling in the political wilderness. It used to be a common saying that the Republicans could win with a Chinaman—if only they had the sense to nominate a Chinaman. They seem to be approaching that position with some speed. Taft has been explaining to audiences on the West Coast that though he has no confidence in Generals Bradley or Collins, or any of the other American Joint Chiefs of Staff, he has the utmost confidence in General Chiang Kai-shek. What he has been saying about the American Joint Chiefs makes sense in terms of repaying a political debt to General MacArthur, with whom his alliance grows daily tighter. MacArthur himself has made it abundantly clear that the one ambition he cherishes is to humiliate the leaders of the Pentagon who concurred in, or rather supported, his dismissal.

But the MacArthurites are only a fraction of the Republican Party, and the Republican Party remains the smaller of the two political parties. When Taft's father captured the Republican party for the Right Wing in 1912 he drove out the heirs to the Lincoln tradition. They found haven in Teddy Roosevelt's "Bull Moose" party, in Fusion parties, in the La Follette Progressives in Wisconsin, and in supporting the New Deal. One tends to think of Harold Ickes, whose death the other day caused much more grief than the Old Curmudgeon himself would ever have expected, as a Democratic New Dealer. He was a New Dealer all right; but never a Democrat. He was one of the old Bull Moosers. And people like Harold Ickes and Fiorello La Guardia and George Norris could never reconcile themselves to new Republican leaders who seemed to lack the ideals of Abraham Lincoln and Teddy Roosevelt.

There are many who believe that the Republicans can never hope to put a Republican tenant in the White House until they nominate a candidate who can recapture the enthusiasm of the independents. General Eisenhower has a clear appeal to these groups, despite his (apparently) extremely conservative views on domestic policy. But whether Eisenhower can get the Republican nomination without coming home and actively campaigning before the convention next July remains to be seen. The gloom of his backers as they watch Taft's triumphant progress among

the machine politicians was only temporarily dispelled by a gala evening at Madison Square Garden where Mary Martin, singing "I'm in Love with a Wonderful Guy" from London, to the accompaniment of Richard Rodgers on the piano in New York, only seemed to emphasise the absence of their man.

PARIS

France Kicks

Our Paris Correspondent writes: In terms of hard politics it doesn't matter in the least if a dying man staggers up the steps of the rostrum of the National Assembly and tells how he alone survived out of a large French group in Buchenwald, and how he has been a cripple ever since. "I shall die because of what the German Army did to me." But listen to these words of a dying man: "Beware of Germany." Deeply moved, the whole Assembly rose like one man and cheered. Many of them had tears in their eyes as they watched the haggard figure of M. Georges Heuillard, Radical Deputy, go down the steps, to be taken back to his nursing home. Yes, emotionally it mattered a great deal, and was typical of the whole atmosphere of the five-day debate on the European Army.

The critics of the European Army all spoke with the utmost conviction and self-assurance; all Government spokesmen were apologetic, on the defensive, and talked of "lesser evils." Even those who had been the most wholehearted sponsors of "Europe" did not feel so good. Adenauer himself had said at Hanover on December 13 last: "Our chief reason for wanting to enter the European Army is to be able to recover our Eastern territories." "Europe" cut no ice any more. There were numerous reproachful references to Mr. Churchill, who had first spoken at Strasbourg three years ago of the European Army; and now he had completely changed his mind. "Yes, we wanted Europe, but we don't want this abortion of a Europe," M. Jules Moch said. A Europe—and a European Army—without Britain, without Scandinavia, above all without Britain—made no sense at all. M. Schuman must be absolutely firm about not allowing Germany into N.A.T.O.; for it was no use including in N.A.T.O. a country bursting with territorial ambitions, and only too ready, especially with an army chiefly composed of Eastern refugees, to provoke a war with Russia. Moreover, since the Russians were willing to talk disarmament on the Disarmament Commission set up by U.N., it was only right to give this Commission a chance, at least till June 1, when it would make its report, and not sabotage it in advance by hasty decisions about German rearmament.

The theme that there was no hurry about this rearmament ran through many other speeches. Thus General Billotte (Gaullist) said that German rearmament now might be exceedingly dangerous in provoking the Russians, besides causing a final breach between East and West. Yet, by 1954, so much progress would have been made in defensive weapons like atomic artillery that it would not be necessary to arm the Germans at all. Others, like M. Daladier, expressed the view, which horrified the Government, that the "peripheral defence" of Europe by the U.S. Air Force was not a bogy at all, but, on the contrary, the best solution for France. The Americans were not going to send many troops to Europe in any event, and therefore wanted the Germans to do the dirty work—and, by heavens, it *would* be dirty! As for Germany, she could very well remain disarmed and kept under Four-Power control; unfortunately, the Western Powers had never taken any Russian offers to that effect seriously. And he, like others, added that if the U.S. still wanted to rearm Germany independently, at least France's hands would stay clean.

Government speakers were, throughout, on the defensive. M. Delbos, while conscious of the danger of the German Army suddenly detaching itself from the European Army and leaving its non-German elements in a state of complete chaos, pleaded that integration "will more or less protect us against the Germans breaking loose," and that this integration would "prevent or reduce" the dangers of an independent German army. Another objection which Government speakers found difficult was that the original Pleven Plan had provided for the *gradual* integration of the French Army in the European Army; but now the whole of it (apart from overseas troops) had to be handed over on a platter.

For days the discussion went on along these lines, with the Government looking more and more unhappy, as one speaker after another tore to shreds the German "guarantees" that were being offered, and alluded to U.S. readiness to surrender to Adenauer. And then an odd thing happened. For days, every Government spokesman had said that there would be no difficulty in getting the U.S. and Britain to guarantee that Germany would not break loose from its "integration" in the European Army; and on Saturday afternoon, just as M. Faure's chances of surviving looked particularly dim, a French agency report from London said that Britain and the U.S. had agreed to give France the guarantee in question. Somebody had pulled a fast one. For what purpose, and on whose instructions, and whether to help or to sink M. Schuman, we may know some day. A few hours later Mr. Acheson angrily denied the story.

No *carte blanche* for M. Schuman this time; in so far as he will feel bound by Tuesday's Assembly vote, he will not be able to press the early formation of the European—or German—Army. On Monday the Socialists agreed to vote for the Government—and so save it from defeat—on four conditions: (1) No German unit to be recruited before the European Army Treaty had been ratified by all the Powers concerned. (2) No units to be formed until the common organisation had been set up, and was ready to receive them (also the French Army was to enter the European Army "by degrees"). (3) No inclusion of Germany in N.A.T.O. (4) Further attempts should be made to get direct British participation in the European Army. If the Americans intend, as most people here believe, to force the pace in Lisbon, they will be acting in defiance of the clear will of the Assembly.

WESTMINSTER

Overlords in Ermine

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: With the arrival in London of Lord Alexander (this time, of Tunis) to assume the post of Minister of Defence, the Prime Minister now relies on an inner Cabinet answerable almost entirely to the House of Lords. Lords Woolton, Leathers, Cherwell and Alexander are all in a more or less privileged position over their Ministerial colleagues, partly because of close personal associations with Mr. Churchill and partly because of their supra-departmental responsibilities. The same is, to a lesser extent, true of Lord Salisbury, who is an "overlord," though not generally regarded as one of the P.M.'s midnight confidantes; and of Lord Ismay, who is certainly the latter, though his formal responsibility is limited to the Commonwealth Relations Office. Apart from Mr. Churchill himself, the only two front-rank members of the Cabinet in the Commons are Mr. Eden and Mr. Butler.

To what extent this arrangement is retrograde may be debated. The critics should realise that one of the biggest problems of modern government is how to free members of the Cabinet from departmental burdens, in order to let them think at large on wider issues of policy. Mr. Churchill has made a bold attempt to solve this problem. Whether his solution is the right one is another matter. The effect is to create two tiers inside the Cabinet, the one with the least responsibility having most power, and the most powerful least vulnerable to criticism. The Opposition is already beginning to find that the Government nag in the Commons is not very sensitive to the spur; while the thoroughbred flanks of the overlords are largely beyond its reach. Labour peers, indeed, complain that rules of procedure sometimes make it difficult even to compel the attendance of Cabinet Ministers in the Lords. The Civil Service, too, dislikes on practical grounds a system which weakens the authority of departmental Ministers in high policy.

Mr. Attlee's method was to allocate the chairmanship of Cabinet committees so as to ensure that the Lord President of the Council, the Foreign Secretary, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and (in a rather narrower field) the Minister of Defence, were able to exercise some co-ordination over Departments which impinged on their major responsibilities. But this arrangement was so informal that the authority of departmental Ministers was not seriously weakened; and until the last few months of the Labour Government the "overseers" were all members of the Commons. The disadvantage of this method was the appalling strain placed on key Ministers—Sir Stafford Cripps and Mr. Bevin were both broken by it; while several blunders of policy are attributable to inadequate thought by an overworked Cabinet. Mr. Churchill's solution has, then, something to commend it. But his dependence on the Lords is unreasonable and unnecessary. The posts of Lord President, Lord Privy Seal, Paymaster-General, and Chancellor of the Duchy are already well-established sinecures. Those of Home Secretary and Commonwealth Relations Secretary do not normally demand much more departmental diligence. Any of these can be in the Commons; and the statutory number of Ministers in the Lords can be found among lesser departmental chiefs, whose juniors can answer adequately in the Commons. The next Labour Prime Minister must learn from the experience of his predecessors. The inner Cabinet of non-departmental overseers may well prove a permanent development of Cabinet government; but their authority must rest on the Commons. This maxim is a difficult one for Mr. Churchill, who finds most of his real talent already ennobled. A Labour Premier is at least spared that difficulty.

Meanwhile, the present arrangement has caused a remarkable upset of form in the Tory succession stakes. For a long time Mr. Eden has been clearly in the lead. But behind him a number of fancied candidates have been jostling for places. The composition of the Cabinet seems for the moment to settle the matter. Mr. Macmillan, Mr. Lyttelton and Sir David Maxwell-Fyfe, all fancied at one time or another, now scarcely show in front of Mr. Thorneycroft and Mr. Crookshank. Mr. Butler, the dark horse, has outstripped them. Can he still overhaul the popular favourite? The odds are against him, not least because of the antipathy between him and Mr. Churchill. But Sir Stafford Cripps, on whom the present Chancellor likes to model himself, showed how strength can be acquired through other people's misery; and Mr. Butler's stamina is not suspect in the way that Mr. Eden's is. Longer shots have come off before now.

The Housing Subsidy

MR. MACMILLAN'S unexpected announcement of the new housing subsidy means that the rents of Council houses will not be affected by the Government's decision to increase interest rates. Without an adjustment of the subsidy the increase in rents would have amounted on average to more than five shillings per week. The effect of the new subsidy will be, therefore, not only to put housing in a privileged position over other local government expenditure, but to increase the advantage which public housing schemes already enjoy over private building.

We welcome this decision as far as it goes. Mr. Macmillan had already announced plans which are likely to maintain—perhaps somewhat increase—the total rate of house building; now he continues the special assistance which Labour gave to Council tenants. This new move, however, does nothing to weaken the criticism that he has, for political reasons, upset the machinery he inherited for ensuring the most equitable and socially useful distribution of new building. Council house tenants, in fact, are to be protected, but the proportion of new Council houses will decline. Too many of Mr. Macmillan's houses are likely to be built in the wrong place for the wrong people.

Moreover, in present circumstances, it is scarcely conceivable that any increase in building productivity in the near future can offset the demands made on the industry by the Defence programme. So the Minister's publicly expressed hopes for housing must be at least partly at the expense of the rest of civil building. There are other indications that this is the Government's intention. The rebuilding of the blitzed cities is to stop: hospital and school building is sharply curtailed. Mr. Butler attributes these measures to the dictates of his deflationary policy. In fact, they probably represent a victory for Mr. Macmillan over the Ministers of Health and Education. Let the people only be given houses and all else will be forgiven, is his cry. We agree that working-class housing conditions are still the greatest social evil, but schools and hospitals also matter.

The consequences of yet another tough housing Minister—Mr. Bevan and Mr. Dalton were also "awkward" colleagues—must also be politically embarrassing for both Mr. Butler and the Party bosses. The new subsidy goes a long way to make nonsense of the Chancellor's carefully argued thesis that excessive domestic purchasing power is one of the main causes of our economic difficulties, while the only direct deflationary effect in housing of the increased interest rates will be still further to reduce the status of the mortgagee and instalment purchaser as against the Council tenant. Yet the Tories in Opposition claimed that Council tenants' privileges were already excessive and not sufficiently selective. The new policy will certainly help the Government in its attempt to put across an anti-working class economic programme, but it will cause a good deal of Tory muttering.

Perhaps the real significance of all this is the hold that the benefits and potentialities of the Welfare State now have on the public mind. The Tory party, existing to make good the breaches in a class society, can gain power only by promising to defend the Welfare State. When it comes to office, it finds no great difficulty in grandiose announcements of deflationary policies; but, when individual Ministers begin to implement them, they find the public outcry at each particular step too great. The Labour Opposition has already mobilised effective popular campaigns against the reduction of the school period, the increase in Council rents and the cuts in the Health Service. The first two of these have been abandoned. The last is now to be further considered. One of the Labour Government's most notable achievements was to educate popular demand and make it articulate. The Tories are discovering that, whoever is in office, it is this demand which cracks the whip.

The Future of the Sudan

EGYPT'S unilateral denunciation of the Anglo-Egyptian Condominium over the Sudan, and her arbitrary declaration, without even the pretence of consulting the Sudanese, that Farouk is King of Egypt and the Sudan, startled the world into paying attention to a problem of international importance. Even without this action on Egypt's part, the question of the future status of the Sudan must have confronted us very soon with almost equal urgency, for three reasons. First, Anglo-Egyptian relations had in any case to be settled on a firm base. For a century they have rested on the drifting sands of internal disorder and alien intervention, of dubious friendship alternating with open enmity, of argument by force and government by intrigue, of misunderstanding and mischief. And there can be no settlement between Britain and Egypt without a settlement of the future of the Sudan.

Secondly, although Britain cannot recognise Egypt's unilateral denunciation, the Condominium, in the practical sense of active co-operation by two partners, has been dead for a long time. The Government of the Sudan, administered by British and Sudanese officials, owes its authority to the Condominium agreement, which Egypt regarded as void long before she denounced it, and it has long been clear that this anomalous mandate must be replaced by some more secure basis for government. The administration has proceeded, on a *de facto* basis, in the hope of advancing its plans for self-government to the point where the Sudanese themselves could take a proper part in deciding their future. This policy has succeeded to the extent that a constitution has been framed, under which the Sudanese will, this year, have a chance of self-determination. But the *de facto* regime could scarcely have continued much longer unchanged.

Thirdly, political consciousness among the Sudanese, though still restricted to some thousands of the eight million people, has nevertheless reached a stage where a demand for self-expression is universal among the politically minded minority, and widespread among the leaders of the remainder. This urge towards self-expression has been intensified by the progress of self-determination throughout North Africa and the Middle East.

So much for the urgency of the question; its importance rests on wider grounds. Economically, the Nile Valley is one of the great cotton-producing areas of the world. Politically, the Sudan is the meeting place of the Middle East and Africa. Strategically, this country forms a bridge between the Mediterranean region and the African continent; one might say between the Northern and Southern hemispheres. And this is as true of the strategy of peace as it is of military strategy: this ancient crossroads of caravan routes and pilgrim paths has already some importance as an airline junction, and its Red Sea ports might provide a much more valuable sea-gate for Central Africa than they already do; with better roads the Sudan could become a great centre of communications and of trade. Thus, the future of the Sudan is not merely the business of the Sudanese, the Egyptians, and the British, but of others as well. It concerns the neighbouring countries—Abyssinia and Eritrea, British East and Central Africa, French Equatorial Africa, the Belgian Congo. It interests the Arab countries, because the Sudan is in part an Arab country and because Egyptian claims to domination there link the Sudan to the pattern of Arab politics. It affects the British Commonwealth, both for strategic reasons and because the steady social progress in the Sudan is a result of the same tendencies in British policy as the advances in the colonial empire. Thus the Sudanese are part of the new society which this policy has created.

The Egyptian view is that Egypt and the Sudan are one, geographically, historically, economically, and culturally. There is a good deal of force in some of the arguments with which the Egyptians support their case, but there are also gaping holes which cannot be patched over. The first of these appears in the historical argument. The history of Egypt's relations with the Sudan, up to the beginning of British intervention towards the end of the nineteenth century, was not a history of brotherly collaboration but of ruthless exploitation. The second great weakness in the Egyptian case is that all arguments of common interest apply only to the Northern Sudan, and indeed only to that great part of it which has an Arab culture. The non-Muslim tribes of the North, and the whole of the Southern Sudanese people, have nothing whatever in common with Egypt except that they inhabit the Nile valley region. They fear domination by Egypt, and indeed, domination by their Northern, Muslim compatriots.

Egypt's argument on her *legal* right to rule the Sudan rests on the contention that the Sudan is hers by right of conquest (by Ismail Pasha in the 1820's) and of reconquest (by Kitchener as Sirdar of the Egyptian army in the Nineties). She claims that the Condominium agreement, as indeed all her agreements with Britain, must be disregarded because not freely negotiated, Britain having allegedly secured her own way each time either by actual *force majeure* or on the strength of previous rights granted under

similar pressure. Apparently it does not strike the Egyptians as bizarre that they base their claim to the Sudan on open aggression, while condemning Britain's right based on intervention. However, the argument merits consideration. None of the treaties or agreements was a virginal marriage of free and equal wills. But neither were these concords mere shams imposed by an imperialistic Power against the wishes of a suppressed people. They were part of the mesh of nineteenth-century diplomacy. It may be the way of the twentieth century to cut one's way out of this mesh with a random knife, but it is futile to pretend that it does not exist. Therefore, whatever lawyers may determine about the legality of these particular treaties, whatever may be said of Egypt's unilateral denunciation of them, Egypt cannot sanely claim that Britain had no right to base her actions on them.

The Sudanese view? There is no Sudanese view. The vast majority of the Sudanese have no knowledge of politics, and those who have are radically divided. The Ashigga party, financed from Cairo, favours complete fusion with Egypt. It has two allies: the Ittihadin (Unionists) who favour dominion status under the Egyptian Crown, but with the right to secede, and the El Gabha el Watania (National Front), an extremely vigorous organisation which combines the enthusiasm of many educated young men with the authority of a powerful religious sect, the Khatmia. Most of the National Front's members are adherents of the Khatmia, and the leader of the Khatmia, Sir Sayed Ali el Mirghani, though not politically active, gives spiritual force to the movement. The Khatmia is actuated less by any special liking for Egypt than by opposition to the Umma Party, which centres around Sir Sayed Ali el Mirghani's rival, Sir Sayed Abdel Rahman el Mahdi, the posthumous son of the original Mahdi. These two men, leaders of rival Islamic sects, are the two outstanding personalities in the Sudan.

The Umma Party, the principal party standing for Sudanese independence, has the most followers, the most power, and the most progressive policies of any party in the Sudan. Its leaders are intelligent and realistic; they want an independent Sudanese nation, friendly to Egypt, and retaining the invaluable help of British advisers and technicians. Many people who favour all Umma's policies fear that if the party gained power it would re-establish a Mahdist monarchy —a political and religious autarchy. I asked el Mahdi about this, and he told me that it was his wish that the people of the Sudan should decide their own future. His son, the able and progressive president of the party, told me categorically that a Mahdist monarchy "is not envisaged."

Nevertheless, some fear that what is not envisaged might be found expedient at a later date. This has led a number of Umma adherents, particularly in the country districts, to leave the party and join a Socialist country party which favours independence but opposes monarchy. Other Umma supporters are likely to secede to join the new Sudan Party formed about ten days ago. This new party calls for an independent democratic Sudanese republic and "favours entry through the exercise of self-determination into the British Commonwealth." A number of Umma supporters also favour joining the Commonwealth. It is certain that the majority of the Sudanese who are aware of the problem at all oppose union with Egypt because it would mean domination by Egypt. Many fear that Britain will be put under considerable pressure to yield to Egypt. Apparently inspired articles in the British press favouring union with Egypt have increased this fear among the Sudanese.

The Sudanese side of this matter cannot be understood without considering the special case of the Southern Sudan. This region is not dependent on Nile irrigation, but has a considerable rainfall. And its people are neither Arab nor Muslim, but African, either pagan or Christian by religion, tribal in organisation, and ranging in social development from the most primitive to the most advanced aspects of the normal African pattern. These people have been developed and given hope of prosperity and self-expression entirely by the efforts of a handful of British administrators with Sudanese staffs. Egypt has accused Britain of dividing the South from the North; in fact that division is an act of God. For centuries the South has been regarded by the North as nothing more than a reservoir of slaves. The Southerners to-day fear that if the Northerners establish an independent Sudan, the non-political, unorganised South will once more be at the mercy of the Arabs. Northern politicians vowed to me that this would not be so. I believe in their sincerity, but doubt their power to protect the Southerners' interests as effectively as the British administrators have done.

If the Sudanese refuse union with Egypt, what about independence? In theory, this is appealing, and appropriate, since the Sudanese are by nature an independent people. But, as the new Sudan Party says in its manifesto, and as we all know, no nation is now truly independent, but must be linked to a Great Power or to a group of smaller Powers. A third possibility is the entry of the Sudan into the British Commonwealth. Whether this would be possible at all would depend on two factors somewhat difficult to predict—what sort of Sudan we were asked to accept into the Commonwealth, and what sort of reaction the suggestion would provoke in the other members of the group. One can imagine South Africa's response to an invitation to welcome a Black Republic into the Commonwealth, and other Dominions might be difficult.

There is one other possibility—an endeavour to bring an independent Sudan into the orbit of the Arab League. It is conceivable that some Arab States might prefer this to Egyptian rule in the Sudan, because they do not like the Egyptian claims to pre-eminence among the Arab countries—claims which might be strengthened by territorial increase. Certainly the new Sudanese Parliament will press for independence and self-determination. I do not believe that the pro-Egyptian parties will carry the day. Nevertheless, Egypt will be agitating internally and internationally for some form of fusion, and the Arab States will support her, unless (a) the Sudan should join the Arab League, or (b) the Sudan's resentment against Egyptian domination should be so strong that the Arab States would feel they were betraying one brother to please another.

COLIN WILLS

London Diary

I WONDER how many people felt their patriotic hearts uplifted by the news that the first British atom bomb is to be tested some time this year in an Australian desert? Mine certainly was not. We have just been told by Mr. Butler that we have no money to replace schools which were condemned half a century ago and that we must cut the free health service in order to make ends meet. Yet, we can find scores of millions of pounds for the project of adding to the huge American stockpile of atom bombs half a dozen British models. If anything makes nonsense of our defence plans it is this kind of waste. We are to have no air-raid shelters, but we can find the money for nice new air-raid sirens all over the country and for mustering the Home Guard east of a line from Flamborough Head to Selsey Bill. Now, in addition, we shall possess an A-bomb, in order to make us feel really safe. To make the whole crazy pattern perfect, at the same time that we are scraping together our last pennies in order to produce our British bomb the Americans, apparently, are to test their new even more terrible H-bomb in the Pacific. Since 1948 our scientists have been carefully excluded under the MacMahon Act from any knowledge of what American scientists are doing in this whole field, so that for all we know our bomb may be entirely outdated before it is even tested. I should have thought that the one American monopoly we had no reason to resent was a monopoly in the production of atomic weapons.

* * *

The Scottish Covenantors are quite right in saying that Elizabeth II of England is Elizabeth I of Scotland. But surely they allowed their case to go by default when they accepted Edward VII as King of Great Britain? (Edward I was declared Lord Paramount in Scotland, but never crowned there, so Edward VII of England was Edward I of Scotland.) But I cannot help thinking that, whether right or wrong, the Scots are a bit touchy. How many English Kings has England had since the Norman conquest? We English (I am a quarter Scots myself) do not complain that we have had as Kings Frenchmen, Welshmen, one Dutchman, Scotsmen and squads of Germans. But then we have never really been patriotic like the Scots!

* * *

How can you commercialise national mourning without departing from the canons of good taste? To me the problem seems insoluble and several correspondents have written to say that they don't think all the West End shops have solved it. Apparently it is *comme il faut* to add in an ordinary display window a portrait of the King nicely draped in black or purple; it is even more correct to clear the window of everything to make room for a wreath and a portrait. The windows that most jolted my correspondents were those which displayed women's black nighties and black or mauve underwear. One observer calls attention to shops that showed "black and purple panties and some fearsome dark grey vests for men." French comment might be "*Quelle délicatesse! Quelle sensibilité!*" A store manager interviewed said: "Naturally we have told departments to change their displays suitably." In a small shop the

manager said frankly: "Everybody is doing it, and after all we've got to live, chum."

* * *

When the *Chicago Tribune* forgets its Anglophobia to pay a tribute to a British monarch, it is clear that something remarkable in Anglo-American relations has been achieved by the Royal family. The day the King died, the *New York Times* printed over forty-seven columns of news and pictures, and the other papers were not far behind in coverage. Much of *Time* magazine this week is taken up with the story, which broke through *Time's* normal boundaries and appeared in one guise or another in four separate features. A friend in New York tells me that he went out from his hotel to hear the news shouted by an elderly Jewish paper-seller who looked as though he spent his spare time studying the Talmud. An hour later he was still calling out "King is dead. Long live Queen." My friend adds that in an age in which the average American is haunted by the monstrous press and radio images of Stalin, Mao, and Ho Chi Min, to say nothing of Mossadeq and Nye Bevan, many Americans feel that there is something attractively stable about British royalty. "Elizabeth and Philip," he writes, "oddly enough seem like the heirs, not merely of George, but also of the old wartime Winston."

* * *

The "hoppicopter" seems the last straw. As a new military device, which will enable a fully armed soldier to move himself over a battlefield at will, it will once again revolutionise war. This is now apparently the chief interest of mankind. But what of the civilian consequences of this exciting threat to fulfill our childish dreams and turn us all into birds? If, as it is now claimed in America, a man can wear this miniature helicopter on his back like a rucksack, then we are faced with a transport revolution far more important than the coming of the railways or the motor-car. Buses and cars will rot in the breakers' yards; and we shall use the Tube only when we are grounded by wind and fog. But the morning skies over the City will be black with bowler-hatted hoppers dropping in front of the Royal Exchange. Another seriously threatened institution is *The Times*. If we are piloting ourselves to work, and dodging several hundred thousand other hoppers, we cannot simultaneously read *The Times* like the stockbroker cuddled up in the corner of the 8.45. Many, even more serious, results for our civilisation will occur to the imaginative man. If one were sure of the collaboration of the Soviet Union it might be worth while to call a conference with a view to banning the civilian use of "hoppicopters" by international agreement.

* * *

Occupying the same London building, the B.M.A. and the Magistrates' Association were nicely situated to set up a Joint Committee on Psychiatry and the Law. The committee is rapidly justifying itself, but I hope the admirable report it has just issued on *The Law in Relation to the Illegitimate Child* will not be read and apparently forgotten like its 1949 Report on *The Criminal Law and Sexual Offenders*. There is a strong case for a governmental inquiry into the "disgusting patchwork" of regulation and righteousness that makes up the law relating to illegitimacy: it still reflects the Poor Law morality, concerning itself more to save public funds and punish the parents than to help the child. Does it also reflect public feeling? The fact that it is possible for people to go on saying that no moral blame attaches to the infant, as though they were being daring and broad-minded, may indicate what the thoughtless attitude of the majority still is. The law has not changed fundamentally for centuries, recent changes being sometimes even in the wrong direction: for example until the passing of the Married Women (Maintenance) Act of 1949, the weekly maximum that a magistrate could award to an illegitimate child was higher than for children born in wedlock. To-day it is 20s., while the children of a marriage get 30s.

Until the entire, hypocritical code is swept away and the word illegitimate is dropped, there will be a place for the voluntary work described so clearly in Lena Jeger's booklet *Illegitimate Children and Their Parents*. Incidentally, this is the only book available that gives a résumé of the law on this subject and of what humane people are doing about its consequences.

* * *

A teacher at a progressive school in the United States observed to her dismay one morning a small puddle outside the class room door. Most unhygienic. As she walked to her desk she thought "We mustn't set up any guilt complexes." Inspiration came. "Children," she said, "I've noticed that mess outside the door. We must, of course, keep our school clean. So we will all put our hands over our eyes and whoever was responsible will go out quietly and mop it up. Then he or she can return to the room, and no one will know who did it." They covered their eyes. The teacher heard tiny footsteps going to the door. It opened and closed. Pause. Opened and closed again. Pitter-patter of little feet back. After a decent interval she said: "All right, children, we can open our eyes again." Blinking, she made her way through the door to see that all was sanitary again. Outside the door were *two* puddles and a note: "The Phantom strikes again!"

* * *

The death of a king always produces some remarkable essays in lyrical patriotism. A classic and oft repeated example was a verse from a broadsheet sold in the streets after the death of Edward VII:

> His mighty work for the nation
> Making peace and strengthening union—
> Always at it since on the throne
> Saved the country more than a billion.

On this occasion the only verses I have seen remotely approaching these in bold unconventionality of rhyme and rhythm was a poem in last week's *Sunday Times* which included the following lines:

> To-day a King is buried: the people gathers
> To watch his long last journey to his fathers,
> Become one more among the memories
> Of all that line of royal Edwards and Henrys

Clearly there has been some easing of the rules of rhyming and prosody when these lines can appear from the pen of a Fellow of All Souls.

CRITIC

ADMIRALS ALL

[The U.S. wants the overall direction of all Mediterranean forces under an American commander. *Lisbon, Feb.* 18.]

There's a rumour in the Fleet as NATO experts meet,
And strategy is planned;
The signs are now appearing that the Yanks are commandeering
One more Supreme Command.
So word has gone to the Pentagon
From Britain's Admiralty,
"'Ware squalls ahead if you grab the Med—
The Med-Med-Mediterranean Sea!"

America patrols where the wide Pacific rolls—
There Britain gave her place,
But the Admirals were frantic when she collared the Atlantic
And bossed the Island Race.
Then they swore, if she wanted more
They never would agree,
They would stop her dead if she nabbed the Med—
The Med-Med-Mediterranean Sea.

If Washington swipes for the Stars and Stripes
The NATO Navy Pool,
If American protection means overall direction
From the Straits to Istanbul,
The Admirals vow they will not bow
To Washington's decree,
They won't be led by the Yanks up the Med—
The Med-Med-Mediterranean Sea.

Nelson, Raleigh, Drake, Hawke, Collingwood and Blake
Are turning in their graves.
With America's promotion on every blasted ocean,
Can Britain rule the waves?
Shall the Union Jack go back, back, back,
While the Stars and Stripes fly free?
Britannia's ships are spread all around the Med—
The Med-Med-Mediterranean Sea.

America's command is getting out of hand,
(Capten, art thou sleepin' there below?)
The Admirals must halt her before she bags Gibraltar—
(Is she scheming arl the time for Plymouth Hoe?)
The Admirals stand fast, as in the glorious past
And signal the Yankee,
"'Ware squalls ahead if you grab the Med—
The Med-Med-Mediterranean Sea!"

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

All through yesterday it was the same story of waiting people, women in black coats or hats, workers in caps, men in silk hats.—*Daily Herald.* (Tony Rea.)

Leyton is losing a hint of Old Venice which it has possessed for the best part of a century.

For the chimney stacks at the Lea Bridge Waterworks are being demolished because they are no longer required.—*Walthamstow Guardian.* (E. N. Lambert.)

Soon after leaving a boarding-school at Harrogate Mrs. —— entered gay society in West Hartlepool. —*Daily Mail.* (Marcel E. Wyman.)

While I pondered in a restaurant over my choice of soup the waitress said that the brown soup (6d.), kidney (6d.), and the oxtail (9d.) were all from the same pot.

The difference in name and price, she said, was "to add a little variety to the menu."—Letter in *Sunday Express.* (W. B. Treisman.)

My husband censors my film-going. To begin with, he is very particular what he takes me to see. Then if, despite his care, there should be, in any film we see, an incident he considers unsuitable, he puts a hand over my eyes till it has passed. —Letter in *Woman's Own.* (M. Skelton.)

Women of Asia

[Mr. Calder has recently returned to England from a U.N. inquiry into health and welfare in S.E. Asia.]

SHE was called Fatima, after the best-loved daughter of the Prophet. She lay wide-eyed and uncomplaining on a plank bed in the maternity hut of a Moslem refugee camp in the Ganges Delta In a few hours her baby would be born.

When I asked how old she was the doctor had to bend close to her to hear her whispered reply. "Three babies," he said. "That is as near as we can ever get to their ages. That makes her sixteen or seventeen. A girl's life begins with child-bearing." In that hut were six mothers. None of them could have been more than 20 years of age, and four of the six, the doctor told me, would be certain to die. They were so anæmic that they could not survive child-birth. When I suggested blood transfusions he shrugged his shoulders, and I was told later that I had been tactless. Even if he had had the means to test their blood groups or give transfusions, neither the husbands nor the wives would have consented to stranger-blood, not even plasma. And the husbands, even in the unlikely case of their agreeing to give the transfusions themselves, and if their blood groups had been suitable, would have been in no fit state of health to do so.

It was exceptional that these Moslem girl-wives had been entrusted to the care of a male doctor. He himself was a Moslem, but, in a purdah-ridden country, no woman should expose her face, much less her body, to any man save her husband. With a shortage of women doctors and trained maternity nurses, confinements are in the dubious hands of unskilled, unclean and uneducated *dais*, who for a few rupees and ritual gifts are ministers of life and death.

At a Catholic home for the Hindu and Christian orphans of the communal conflict, I watched girls in white saris dancing, skipping and singing in happy childhood. "For what careers," I asked the American nun in charge, "do you educate these girls?" "For marriage," she said, briskly. "Unless we get them married by the time they are fourteen they will never get married at all. Don't forget," she went on, stopping my protest, "these girls mature much earlier than they do back home. And we can't oppose the customs of the country. See that girl there?" pointing to a pretty child, "she's sixteen. She had a long illness and we could not marry her off at fourteen. All she'll get now is some old widower—if she's lucky."

The role of women in South-East Asia is one of the biggest problems which confronts U.N. Technical Assistance and the Governments which are trying to modernise (not "Westernise") their countries. Women kept sequestered, illiterate and ignorant, are a powerful reactionary influence. They may be completely subservient to their husbands but they dominate their children and (I am quoting an enlightened Moslem) perversely reject for their children, including their sons, the advantages they themselves have been denied. The answer, of course, is education, but to teach it is necessary to have access. That, as I have seen in practice, is probably easiest through medical services, though even there practical difficulties arise.

Among the Dyaks in northern Borneo, where, in a longhouse among the jungle tree-tops, we started our inquiries, the women are free within the tribal community. They can choose their husbands (or exchange them, though in the morality of the longhouse, where hundreds share one roof, that is quite rare), and they take a full and active part in the working life of the community. In the spontaneous movement for education, boys and girls, men and women, share desks in the jungle schools. Nevertheless, when we had persuaded a youth, with a very ugly wound, to go back with us to hospital, we were over-ruled by his mother, who disappeared with him into the jungle. The explanation was not unreasonable. Among the pagan Dyaks there is no Hereafter, but they must be "remembered," and to be "remembered" means that all the family must be present at death. To send the boy to hospital without his family involved the risk of his dying "unremembered."

The same risk applies to the mothers. In difficulties with their unborn children, a few will endure the trials of a canoe journey over the rapids of the dangerous jungle rivers (crocodiles, and all) to get modern treatment in hospital. This is not without serious problems. A Dyak woman must be in a bad state before she will leave her *kampong*; the journey is likely to worsen her condition; and so the cases which the hospitals get invariably have clinical complications. And "unremembered" death may be a serious setback for modern medicine. The answer will lie with the tribal maternity nurses, whom the British Colonial Medical Service, with some help from the World Health Organisation and the U.N. Children's Fund, is educating and training in Sarawak; and with the river dispensary boats which have been started in a virtually roadless country with the help of the Colonial Development and Welfare Fund. Social anthropologists might advise the doctors to have family compounds at the hospitals as well.

Among the Bornean Malays, Moslems for centuries, we first encountered the purdah problem. Unlike the Chinese and tribal women, the Moslems tend to resist modern midwifery. Some of the younger mothers may be coaxed to the prenatal clinics, or, when necessary, to hospital. But, when the baby is due, they are almost invariably snatched out of bed by the grandmothers and the fathers and dragged home to the septic, traditional midwives. It is difficult to recruit Moslem girls as medical nurses, again because of purdah. A start has been made with training home midwives, but that does not meet the cases which need attention in hospital. There are difficulties even in Siam, where Buddhist women have no segregation problem. Indeed, male "midwives" are commonplace. But mothers and babies die in Thailand because of taboos, which have no religious sanction, but which forbid expectant and nursing mothers from eating those foods which they most need.

Burmese women, for centuries, have had an equality of status which Western women have only recently acquired. Indeed, a distinguished Burmese woman lawyer assured me that in the past women were the dominant sex, with polyandry. They keep their maiden names; they have no marriage rites but, under civil contract, share property equally with their husbands, and in the case of divorce (which is almost too strong a term for the cessation of partnership) collect their full share. There is, then, no barrier of religion or custom to the movement, of which Daw Khin Kyi is a conspicuous leader, to organise women to improve the lot of other women. Daw Khin Kyi is the widow of Aung San, the assassinated Burmese statesman. She is director of the women and child welfare service which is establishing mother and child clinics, recruiting nurses and health visitors for work in the villages and setting up day nurseries for the emancipated mothers who go out to work. It is a question, which would repay further study, how far the long-established equality of Burmese women accounts for the limited population of a country which, though an eighth of India's size, has only a twentieth of India's population.

In India, women have now been given, and have exercised, an equal vote, in the most adventurous experiment in universal suffrage in history. Nehru had proclaimed "family planning," which can relieve women of the burden, so often fatal, of indiscriminate child-bearing. The W.H.O. has provided a family planning expert. The Hindu Code Bill aims to remove the abuses of religion, which in the past have condemned widows to *suttee* and wives to *zenana*. Segregation of women has been socially condemned. But child-marriages still persist ("A man deserves a chaste bride, and marriage at puberty helps to ensure it," I was told by a Cambridge-educated Hindu). The caste-system restricts, for both women and men, a free choice in marriage. The ballot-box is only the beginning of the emancipation of 170 million Indian women.

No one should criticise peoples or governments which are struggling with age-old customs. I have heard a Pakistan Minister, amid the resounding applause of his compatriots, declare the equality of women on the basis of the Koran and of the Charter of Human Rights. Yet in Pakistan purdah is a political and economic problem. Women can sit in parliament. Educated women may shed the *burqua*, the cowl which hides the face. Peasant women have to toil unhooded. But middle-class women are tending to increase purdah; it is a puritanical "patriotism" in a State founded on religion. Politicians and administrators may deplore purdah, but they cannot openly condemn it. It is making the recruitment of doctors, nurses, teachers and administrators difficult in a country which is desperately in need of them. "If you educate a man, you educate one person," said the Begum Liaquat Ali Khan, to me; "if you educate a woman, you educate an entire family."

This remarkable woman, widow of the assassinated Prime Minister, leads the movement to bring Moslem women into full partnership in the new state. Her organisation, the All-Pakistan Women's Association, has 10,000 members. "We cannot tolerate," she said, "a position in which half the population of the state—the women—are left idle."

RITCHIE CALDER

The Primary Child

IV. THE TREND TO-DAY

WHAT conclusions can fairly be drawn from my (necessarily selective) tour of primary schools in villages, London and provincial cities? Considering education as a whole, we can point to an improvement in the *form*, in physical conditions: but this improvement, where it exists, is generally an exception. New schools have met the needs of new populations: we have had little or no displacement of old schools by new schools. Within many of the old schools, true enough, we have had an improvement in equipment, in desks and books and other aids to education; but the over-riding physical conditions are generally the same as they always were. No enlightened parent will face them without dismay. Most teachers, however, agree that we have had some real improvement in the *content*, in the development of a closer and warmer relationship between teacher and taught, and perhaps also in the attitude of parents towards schools.

These gains, patchy and irregular though they be, are now assaulted by economy cuts instituted under the last Government and likely to be made

much more severe by the present Government. Of late the national tendency has been to spend less money on each child. Between 1950 and 1951 the educational budget rose by about £25 millions, most of which went to pay for higher salaries that were long overdue. Yet the school population grew by 190,000 between these two years. Between 1952 and 1954 the school population is expected to grow by another 410,000, but the educational budget, as we know already, is to be smaller than in 1951. There emerges an inescapable link with rearmament. As a percentage of total budget expenditure, educational expenditure stood at about 9.5 per cent. in 1950–51 and at 8.5 per cent. in 1951–52. Defence expenditure, expressed in the same sense, rose at the same time from 22 per cent. to 33 per cent. In 1950–51 educational expenditure was about 44 per cent. of Defence expenditure: a year later it had dropped away to less than 25 per cent. of Defence expenditure: in 1952–53 it will have dropped again. And this reduction, let it be said once again, comes at the very moment when we are about to take the full impact of the end-war and post-war "bulge" in the birthrate. These proportions show the way that we are going. It is not a pleasant prospect.

Fine hopes engendered by the spirit and the letter of the Education Act of 1944 have faded, for the promise of a new deal in State education is not being fulfilled. Yet the damage does not stop there. We are now faced with the collapse of that most significant and hopeful part of the Act which promised secondary education for all. Every child, it was said, should have his right to secondary education, and the old cramming for "the scholarship" should be abolished once and for all. At ten-plus the children should be divided according to intelligence and aptitude into those who were "grammar-school types" and those who were not. But those who were not should not simply be discarded as "factory fodder," and written off as failures. They should be given a "modern" education more fitted to their non-academic capabilities; and this "modern" education, as became a great industrial nation, should be made to rank as equal in prestige and status with the "grammar" education.

It sounded well enough, but it has not come to pass. In no more than a few exceptional cases—depending almost always on exceptional head teachers—have the Secondary-Modern schools (though sometimes newly built and well equipped) moved even a little way towards equality of status with the "grammar" schools. They remain in reputation among parents (and also it is to be feared, among far too many teachers, above all among "grammar" teachers) no more than slightly more elaborate, but still socially despicable, versions of the old senior departments of the elementary schools. The extra year, all too often, is regarded by all concerned (including the children) as a year wasted, for it seems to lead nowhere and it loses a year's earnings. As a practical equivalent of the "grammar" schools, the Secondary-Moderns exist nowhere but in the Minister's mind—and possibly not even there.

This being so, the ten-plus selection test has reverted once more, and with a vengeance, to the status of the old "scholarship." Many parents who were prepared in the old days to make a financial sacrifice so that their child should go to the "grammar" school, no matter whether the child won the "scholarship" or not, are now debarred from making this sacrifice. Their plight is truly pitiful. Families with an ardent cultural tradition, but little income, know now that they cannot hope to educate their children properly unless their children are "selected" at ten or eleven.

The consequences make a mockery of the spirit of the Act of 1944. "Streaming" for the ten-plus exam. has become almost obligatory in most primary schools: quite a few teachers have assured me that the real selection is now being made at seven or eight and not at ten. Coaching children for intelligence tests is widespread, and in some areas universal. So far has this gone, indeed, that one authority has lately suggested that all children might be coached for one month before the exam.—on the grounds that familiarity with the tests will give "a better test" and that coaching for more than one month has been shown to be pointless. A writer in The *Manchester Guardian* the other day described the case of a little girl who had been coached in intelligence tests, and in practically nothing else, *for one year* before the exam. And yet these intelligence tests were supposed to be what their name suggests—tests of intelligence. In fact they have become competitive, and subject in every way to the same education-killing pressures as the old "scholarship" used to be.

Die-hards still insist that selection at ten-plus can be valid for all children. But I would hazard the guess that there is no single parent in this country who would admit its validity for his or her own children, unless those children were of outstanding ability. Perhaps the test may be valid for the best 5 or 10 per cent. of the children: for the next 30 or 40 per cent. it is almost certainly not valid. "Our records for the 1946 entrants and for subsequent years," said the headmaster of Acton County School, Mr. G. T. C. Giles, on the occasion of his twenty-fifth anniversary last December, "prove that the order of merit on entry bears little relation to progress in the school or to eventual success or failure as measured by the Certificate examination"; and he offered figures which amply carried his point. It is a point, indeed, on which I have found most teachers agreed; and several of the more progressive authorities, led in this respect by Coventry, have in fact abandoned the system of "attainment results" for a quota system in which the head teachers' recommendations play a big part in selection.

The number of children who may go to "grammar-type" schools and thereby enter the gate to further education is in any case limited by the number of places which the country is prepared to offer them. This proportion varies. If the orthodox attitude to intelligence tests held good, we should be driven to some very odd conclusions. For in Merioneth it happens that 30 per cent. of children are found to be "intelligent enough" to benefit from grammar-type education: in Coventry the proportion is down to about 23 per cent., which is still high for England, and elsewhere in England it is down to 16 per cent. or 10 per cent. or even 5 per cent. Should we conclude that Welsh children are better endowed with brains than English children?

Lately, we have had a new development. Authorities have begun to discover—in measure with the growing pressure for economy—that they have "too many Grammar school places." In spite of a petition by some 10,000 parents, Middlesex has lately turned Hornsey Grammar School into a Secondary-Modern, and thereby badly tarnished its once bright reputation in the educational field. Many teachers, surprisingly enough, can also be found to support this view that there are more "grammar school places" than there are children to "benefit" from them. They judge this partly, it seems, by the failures of children in a social system which is anti-educational, and partly by the sometimes high number of "premature leavers." But what does "benefit from education" really mean? Is it in any case merely an academic concept? If it is, we can confidently tell four-fifths of the parents of children at Public Schools that they are wasting their two-fifty or three hundred a year. But these parents are unlikely to listen. . . .

In the last few years we have done some good things here and there, and we have seen a great deal of good will. On balance, nevertheless, we are not moving towards a better educational system. We are moving, where we do not merely stagnate, rather towards a worse system. The last illusions of anyone who might prefer to hide from this reality behind a fine array of good intentions and exceptions are about to be shattered by the "bulge" in the birth-rate. And the root of our failure, if we dig down into the moods and motives that lie beneath the surface, rests in our failure to achieve a *unified* system. Only the abolition of fee-paying and the construction of a genuinely comprehensive system will change the physical and mental environment of English education and make it sound and whole; will create those unifying and enthusing pressures on parents, children, and teachers alike without which we shall continue to stumble from one educational muddle to another; and will equip us with schools and scholars with whom we can be satisfied and proud. In attendance upon that, meanwhile, the least we can do is to defend what we have got. It is little enough.

BASIL DAVIDSON

Artists in Fur

SCANNED from below the rostrum, the assemblage, tier on ascending tier, has a bizarre quality: some are in normal business dress, more in white overalls, and the vast majority have hairless, shiny heads. It is as if an audience in which prematurely bald dentists predominated were watching a film show; or rather, as if the dead beasts whose skins* are in fact being sold had taken their revenge on the crowns of the purchasers. For this is a London Fur Auction held in Beaver Hall under the auspices of the Hudson's Bay Company; and the owners of the heads bent over the catalogues hail from all over Europe.

The selling is slick and swift. High on the rostrum, behind a microphone, the auctioneer—three vigilant spotters on either side—knocks down the first of a "string" of similar bundles, each of 100 skins: "Lot 250; Mr. Breitschwantz; 42s." Then, "Five one-two-three-four": the gavel falls with the speed of a pendulum—all the lots to Mr. Breitschwantz at the same price. "Up!" This is a quick interjection from one of the spotters: someone in his sector of the arena

* At the outset, let me forestall protests that the trade whose craft-skill I describe is based on cruelty, and that the trapping of wild animals often involves protracted suffering. I respect such humanitarian objections; but it should be realised that, of furs in common use, practically all Persian lamb, silver and blue fox and at least ninety per cent. of mink is now ranched, and killed painlessly. Beaver and musquash are technically "wild" fur, but the animals are nearly all reared in preserves where the traps are closely controlled. I hold no brief for the trappers of wild ermine and marten, though they would doubtless contend that the last thing they want is to have furs spoiled by an animal's struggles in a trap. It may be that Central Asian shepherds sometimes use, or used, reprehensible methods to bring on the premature birth of the lamb which produces Broadtail; but, here too, sweeping charges need to be discounted by the consideration that the ewe is a valuable animal. As for recklessness in slaughter, it is true that "pelagic" sealing before 1911 nearly condemned the fur seal to the extinction which befell the poor little Andean chinchilla; but this killing is now illegal, and supplies for the sealskin market are controlled by international agreement.

has bid 44s. for Lot 255, and Mr. Breitschwantz drops out. He might, of course, have bid up further, if he had been determined to secure more than five bundles of this "string." As it was, he had invested over £1,000, and was seemingly satisfied. Probably, after having had at most one or two more lots knocked down to him, he would have ceased to nod his head, just as a chemin-de-fer player "passes" his hand: the rest of the "string" would have gone to other bidders. Perhaps at lower prices, perhaps not. To decide whether to bid for the first lot of a "string" or to wait for the last half-dozen, which may go cheap or be bid for eagerly, is a nice problem in fur sale-room psychology.

The fact that "strings" of bundles so uniform in quality can be thus auctioned is a tribute to the skill and integrity of the sorters and graders, employees of the Hudson's Bay Company, who make up the lots in the warehouse floors above the Company's cold-storage vaults. (Persian lamb has no fewer than sixty-four lettered grades of quality under which it is sold.) Some of the pelts are the Company's own property; others are consignments from foreign shippers and such organisations as the African Farmers' Co-operative Union, who specialise in karakul. With its large international attendance, the London Fur Market is the "broadest" in the world; and, though shippers may at times get a higher price in New York for furs which happen to be fashionable at the moment with American women, the all-round run of prices tends to be more to sellers' advantage in London, where H.B.C.'s own shipments act in any case as a magnet to buyers. Where consignments sold on commission are concerned, the sorting and grading process involves highly complicated accountancy, since one shipper's consignment may be auctioned piecemeal in dozens of separate lots fetching different prices. Yet, so efficient is the mechanised accounting system, cheques with credit notes showing details of proceeds are despatched to shippers within a few hours of a sale.

The peltry which has now been disposed of, partly to large manufacturers but mainly to wholesale skin-dealers at home and abroad, consists, it should be understood, of raw skins, salted or sun-dried. The next stage is the processing. In London, there are a number of small, specialist dressers of furs—concentrating, some on sheepskin, others on, say, mink—but the bulk of the business is in the hands of a century-old firm, C. W. Martin & Sons Ltd., of Bermondsey. There you may see pelts ranging in value from rabbit to sable, which looked poor things to the lay eye on the H.B.C.'s show tables, astonishingly transmogrified. First, after preliminary scraping and soaking, the pelts are "fleshed," i.e., the thin remaining membrane of the flesh known as the areolar tissue is removed, leaving the *corium* free to absorb dressing materials. In the case of the humble rabbit and most large furs, the process is mechanised—the pelts passing between knife-edged rollers. With smaller, more valuable furs the job is done by hand on a fleshing bench, the skin being deftly drawn across a huge fixed razor-sharp knife. Skilled work; and, in the busy season, fleshers make up to £15 a week.

Next comes the immersion of the pelts in tanning fluid—salt-acid, mineral or formaldehyde—after which the skins are oiled and then thrown by the hundred into large wooden vats where, in old days, they were trampled by "kickers" with bare feet like treaders of grapes in a wine *lagar*. To-day, the bare feet have been replaced by huge wooden hammers that thump the skins mercilessly like antique fullers' stamps. Then comes the "tidying up." Placed with dry sawdust in huge revolving drums with a suction of hot air, the (now supple) pelts have the oil cleaned out of the fur and guard hair—the latter, in the case of beaver and nutria, usually plucked off. Beating follows—the pelt being laid, fur upwards, on a leather cushion which is gently smacked by two whippy canes mechanically operated (Oh, dream of old dominies!) with lightning swiftness. After a final air-brushing, the pelt is finished.

Finished, that is, as God or the Life Force intended it to look. But this is only half the story. Martins have to cater for fashion, for popular conceptions of what constitutes beauty in fur; and few furs leave their works which have not, in one way or the other, been "improved." To begin with, there is the delicate process known as "blending." Dark, glossy fur is esteemed? A craftsman with a little bundle of goose feathers—left-wing feathers for a right-handed man—will lightly brush with dark dye the tips of the guard hairs of sables, minks, martens and fishers. Then kolinsky, that brownish-yellow cousin of the mink, has a fur lovely in texture but of a "poor" colour. So, after kolinsky has had its natural grease "killed" by an alkaline liquid and has been mordanted by a solution of metal salts, it is dipped in a vat of oxidation dye; and the same "improving" operation—sometimes after bleaching—is performed for squirrel, rabbit, many foxes, and even (naturally near-black) Persian lamb. The skins of baby Harp seal—by nature, a yellowish-white—are either bleached or dyed, and so are the skins of common sheep which have been shorn to simulate beaver. This fur, incidentally, is sometimes ingeniously "plasticised" with a chemical which makes it retain its gloss and refrain from curling when wet.

Such are the "improvements." In a quite different category comes what one might term "fabrication." For example, made-up "plates"

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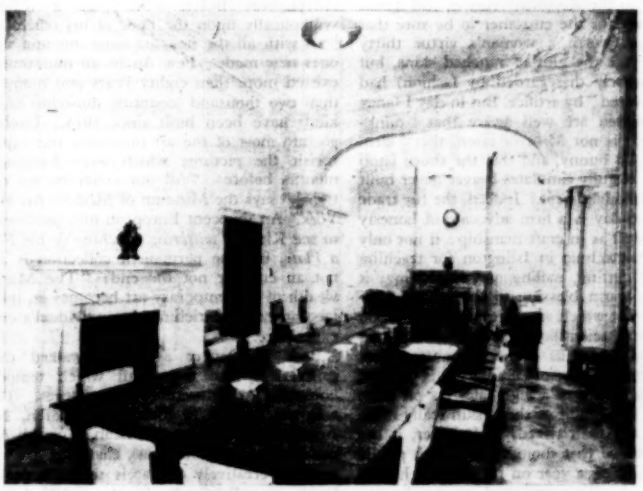

COUNCIL ROOM—by courtesy of the COAL UTILISATION COUNCIL.

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—i.e., sewn-up sheets of many skins—of muskrat or marmot are given dark "mink stripes" with a dye-gun operated freehand by a craftsman in the manner of a cellulose painter. Then there is printing. In a machine very like that which "proofs" by hand the pages of this journal, rabbit and lamb skins are turned into ocelot, and—God help us!—I even saw something that looked like the skin of my landlord's white cat turned into an imitation of Royal Stuart tartan—for what vile purpose I cannot surmise! With the morality of the normal "improvements" I shall deal later. Here I would merely observe that Martins' processes are as careful and technically scrupulous as anyone could find in any trade.

Leaving Bermondsey, we come to the final manufacture. The structure of this trade in Britain is sharply divided between non-Utility and Utility garments. In the first category, there are a few bespoke retailers; but the business is mostly in the hands of wholesale manufacturers who make, on order, for the shops. Since the war, however, these firms, whose export interest is large, have developed their own retail outlets abroad—by staging "shows" and taking foreign customers' orders on the spot—since it is now impossible for foreign shops to carry adequate stocks of high-grade garments at present prices. Catering for the Utility market are one or two large factories in provincial Development Areas, but the London trade is done by medium-to-small firms and "chamber-masters"—sometimes aided only by their own family, sometimes employing up to a score of hands—to whom skins are "put out" for making up. Usually these chamber-masters have their own workshops; in other cases they occupy a floor of a larger firm's premises, operating in fact as sub-contractors.

In the top-grade category, where we are dealing with mink coats whose cost at wholesale (before 100 per cent. Purchase Tax) may be anything up to £4,000, let me have recourse to fictional names and thus introduce Miniver, Ltd., whose showrooms and workrooms (it is a tradition in the fur trade that these must always be together) are within a stone's throw of Cavendish Square. Mr. Vair, top Executive, background Winchester rather than Warsaw, flicks a casual finger towards his capes and coats of slinky furs—sable, mink (brown and, thanks be to Mendel, priceless grey or beige "mutation"), kolinsky, beaver and Persian lamb—and guides you through a large, airy workroom in which his artists are at work. In one sense, of course, this is a tailoring job: there are the paper patterns, the "trials" in *toile*, and the seamstresses. But there is more to it than that. To secure those long, apparently seamless strands, the dressed pelts of mink, kolinsky and beaver are first "dropped." That is, each skin is bisected longitudinally and sliced with a razor-blade into strips each barely one-quarter of an inch wide. These are then re-sewn together so that the pelt, with its dark back-stripe, becomes longer and narrower. Into the "dropping" of a full-length mink coat, which looks on the reverse side like a legendary cobweb, there may go eight miles of cotton thread, at a labour cost of £150 for this operation alone. The matching of Persian lamb, too, is a skilled process. There has to be a huge assortment of skins to work on, and a perfectly patterned surface is produced in practice by dividing, shuffling and rejoining the skins with an almost invisible serrated ("vandyked") seam.

Having matched up the skins or strands, and shaped them to the paper pattern, the cutter, who will make between £12 and £18 a week, passes the pieces to the machinists, who sew them together—back, sleeves and so forth—after which they are damped, nailed flat on a huge board and dried in a hot cupboard. That done, the cutter makes his final adjustments; the rest, the closing and lining, is, so to say, dressmaking.

To complete the picture it is only necessary to take a bus eastwards. With a fourpenny ticket one reaches the less elegant but equally workmanlike, friendly premises of Beisky Bros.—if I may so call them—who make largely for the Utility market. Here you will not find sable or "dropped" mink, or even beaver: Supplies and Services Order No. 1667 of 1951 enacts that the maximum for the dearest Utility coat which the Beiskys make must not exceed £39 12s., and prescribes the list of furs—mainly pony, beaver lamb (dressed sheepskin), marmot and rabbit—which they may use. But you will find here much the same careful work and fierce, almost religious—or is it racial?—pride in craftsmanship. And this firm, like many of the Utility makers, deals also with more expensive furs such as Canadian squirrel, which goes into a coat costing perhaps £300 wholesale, with tax, or dyed musquash—say, £150. Mr. Lewis Beisky and his brother clearly love their furs, and so do the "inside" chamber-masters who work on two of their floors.

The fur trade has had, in the past, a bad name; and the 33⅓ per cent. Purchase Tax even on Utility garments implies presumably that the State regards it censoriously as a "luxury" business. But if it once used sweated labour, it no longer does so: the women machinists earn up to £10 a week and so do the (male) "nailers," while the "liners" draw the standard union rates for garment-makers. The cutters, *chez* Beisky, earn £10-£15. It is, of course, a seasonal trade: there used to be a saying that "Lord Mayor's Day is the Furrier's Funeral." But, with skilled labour—and it has to be highly skilled—hard to obtain, processors and makers now do their utmost not to stand off workers during the slack season. As for the "improvements" and "fabrications" in Bermondsey which I have described, what real difference is there between "ennobling" the colour of a fur and dyeing the natural excrement of a silk worm?

There may have been a time in which trade nomenclature was deceptive: few women perhaps realised that "summer ermine" is really a brown weasel found in the Allegheny region, and it was not always easy for the customer to be sure that the silver fox (worth a woman's virtue thirty years ago, before the glut of ranched skins, but now comparatively disregarded by fashion) had not been "silvered" by artifice. But to-day I fancy that most women are well aware that "mink-dyed marmot" is not *Mustela vison*, that "electric seal" is just bunny, and that the shorn lamb which so successfully simulates beaver never built a dam in a Canadian river. Indeed, the fur trade organisation to-day is a firm advocate of honesty in selling as well as in craftsmanship: it not only sponsors a Polytechnic in Islington for teaching the crafts of cutting, nailing and machining; it also gives its warm blessing to the L.C.C. fortnight's classes, at which employees in distribution are taught some scientific knowledge of the furs they sell, and can thus give customers honest advice. As for the "luxury" angle, it is difficult to dispute the justice of a high sales tax on sable or mink; but is a rabbit or sheep skin really more "uneconomical" than tweed? Moreover, it has to be remembered that though the British public is spending £10 m. a year on furs, nearly half of this goes to the Treasury; and of the foreign exchange cost of the imported raw material, all but £1 m. is covered by the *valuta* profit on London's £20 m. annual entrepot trade. If they but knew it, the be-furred ladies of Mayfair owe indirectly quite a debt to those bald heads down Garlick Hill.

AYLMER VALLANCE

The Arts in America

II. Art Museums for the Mass

Art museums differ in the extent of their new Americanism between the more European East and the more American West or Middle West. At the moment they are rebuilding the Metropolitan in New York, but I suppose the monstrous façade of the Eighties will remain. Come along Central Park for the first time (after seeing the Frick, where the picture guards have pistols strapped to their waists) and observe the giant stony pomposity of the Metropolitan, blench before the inflated scale, the outdoing of Europe in a now outmoded pattern for a Temple of the Muses. Then fly to Denver where, under the immense light of the Rockies, a new museum is being elaborated in mid-city. The main rooms have been fashioned—by Denver's best and decidedly accomplished modern architect—out of a garage. But "rooms" is not right: the main room, the main, enormous single room, divisible by screens, not to display the permanent collection, but to meet the exigencies of each special educational exhibition, integrated (that is a favourite word) with the activities of school and university.

"Why," I asked, "do you keep out all this brilliance of light?"—of which not a wave entered. The answer, revealing what will be the universal practice of the New, Social, Democratic, American museum, no doubt, was that the educational goings on take place chiefly in the evening. The museum is a Democratic Temple of Instruction, not a Temple of the Muses. Affairs at Denver are directed by a busy extremist of this American museology. The Schleir Memorial Gallery, so skilfully contrived from the garage and used for temporary exhibitions, is the nucleus of his new buildings. The total complex will comprise a Children's Museum, a School of Art, a Museum of Indian and Native Arts, and the permanent collection of paintings and sculpture; and this permanent collection, so Otto Karl Bach, the director, seemed to imply, comes last in the order—at which point I nearly put my heel through a new acquisition of the school of Hieronymus Bosch which lay a trifle too symbolically upon the floor of his office. So it goes with all the new art museums and the old ones new made. Few American museums have existed more than eighty years and many more than two thousand (counting museums of every kind) have been built since 1914. Useless to go into most of the art museums and expect to revisit the pictures which were hanging two months before. "All our activities are educational," says the Museum of Modern Art at New York. An innocent European may go there only to see Klee's *Twittering Machine* or his *Fish on a Plate*, but the permanent collection is a tool, not an end, or not *the* end: "The Museum's wealth of contemporary art becomes an informal laboratory for enriching the individual's creative experience."

Back at Denver again we walked through galleries in the town hall which temporarily house the Art Museum's own pictures. These I was not bidden to look at. Children, Negro-American, European-American, Spanish-American (there is a distinction), chattered like finches and sat creatively to easels under a pastel by Degas or a Renoir landscape. "It helps," said an unpaid helper and instructor, "if they see some grown-up pictures on the wall." "A museum," reads a pamphlet from the Museum of Modern Art, "is a source for the most valuable means of extending the understanding of the child because it contains original works of art,

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prints of masterpieces, models without which creative experience can be neither profound nor enriching to the individual." "Art," Otto Karl Bach explained to me, "must be *integrated* with the Denver community. Art history is only dry and aloof"—almost, I thought he would say, subversive; at least of art liberalism. He handed me one of his own pamphlets describing an exhibition of Life in America—"telling stories with pictures, re-creating history with the actual objects from a given period of time." The exhibition ran from New World engravings by Jacques le Moyne to photographs of those buildings by Frank Lloyd Wright which are lost in the continental immensity and architectural meanness of America. "This pamphlet has been designed for preliminary class-room study for the several thousand elementary, junior and senior high school students who will participate in an extensive gallery tour programme during the exhibition period." Just as important, urged Dr. Bach, and just as true as the stuff art historians write. He could have fetched out a tomahawk and added the scalp of Bernard Berenson or Kenneth Clark to the Museum of Indian Arts, had either of those connoisseurs wandered rashly out of Europe into his reach.

Or shift to San Francisco, into the artificial lighting of the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art. A good collection—what little of it was on view around a large reclining figure by Henry Moore. "A Museum of Contemporary Art, privately supported by memberships"—which cost ten dollars a year for husband and wife—"and by contributions, for the instruction and enjoyment of the general public." A valuable factor, this private support. At Denver as well the Museum has "happy relations with the public authorities, without being controlled by them"; and more or less throughout America this gives the museums a freedom of evolution—or revolution—and of activity that no somnolent municipal gallery in Great Britain can ever enjoy. Each museum can be its own Arts Council.

What does the San Francisco Museum do? It exhibits—"The Art of To-day", for instance, "Impressionism to Picasso, Moore, Klee." It offers a hundred exhibitions annually "illustrating international movements of art to-day as a frame of reference for local art development." Extension exhibitions can be rented—"What is Modern Painting?", "Sculpture: an Analysis", "Domestic Architecture of the Bay Region". A series called "Art in Your Life" is televised, picturing, for example, Bob Winston on his own Mobile Sculptures. The Museum promotes a Festival of Modern Poetry and concerts. It holds classes—Art for the Layman, "designed to awaken and develop the layman's inherent artistic potentialities." The Rental Gallery offers "original works of art for your home or office." The library is there for you to walk into without ticket or introduction; and a bookshop of the arts as well. Poetry, sculpture, dance, film, the Museum is a "visual art reference centre." Linked up again with the schools of San Francisco, the Museum "believes that knowing and understanding contemporary art contributes to the deeper satisfaction of being a modern person." It is always open, on week-days to 10 p.m., on Sundays and holidays from one o'clock to five.

Is it all phoney, all bluff, from coast to coast, from a smooth plastic construction by Gabo on the way up to the Children's Room at the Baltimore Museum to these doings at the Golden Gate? All a snatching up of child psychology, a reaction, partly in terms of novel defiance of Europe, to a feeling of cultural insufficiency? Experiencing these museums at first, I think, the European is exhilarated by the busyness and the eagerness; and then suspicious; and last, though some doubts are unrelinquished, he is moved more than he likes to admit. The dangers are obvious. The danger of the contempt of scholarship, the danger of vulgarising the subtleties of art, of pre-digesting and pre-selecting what the millions of Americans shall admire and what shall be hidden in the racks or swapped with other museums. The danger, over all, of neglecting objects as objects of art and transforming them into objects of reference or illustration. The Chinese steam-engine without the steam.

In Russia we are told that museums, weapons of Communism, were reformed to display objects of art "like any other products of man . . . as records of events and as evidence of the state of the human mind under varying conditions of society." In America, we have been told by Americans that the museum is a weapon of democracy to keep the mind critical in a propaganda world. Perhaps. And we have also been told that the new museum "is an American phenomenon developed by the people, for the people and of the people." It must give the Muses, who believe that art is its own weapon, a little gooseflesh. I quoted at the beginning a newly published bulletin on *Creative Art* by Victor d'Amico, director of the Museum of Modern Art. He does have the grace to end with a warning not quite attended to by all the busy beavers of the new museum practice—that "creative education" is jeopardized unless the quality of "aesthetic and educational objectives" is maintained. Exactly. I should guess that an attitude of aesthetic relativism is more popular in America than the viable fiction (if it is a fiction) of eternal verities, and I recall a remark of Berenson's that museum directors can be divided into pimps and eunuchs. Yet with luck and more judgment, the new museum might do the trick—the good sign is acceptance, even uncritically, of modernism. Too early to tell. If the new museum can plant a respect for the arts it might (by the way) help the home-bred arts of America to deepen and mature.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

Al Fresco

SNOWSCAPE under a heavy overcast can be colourless: everything is a shade of grey, the association between winter and death becomes obvious, the scene is dismal, depressing, *morne*. My own movement up the long, snowbound hill road was slow, a funereal pace due not to fatigue but to a kind of gloomy sympathy with the austere and motionless landscape. But presently some rift in the cloud let through light, the snow became white; and brilliant against the unmarked snow of the valley on my left, a cock-pheasant moved out from a clump of gorse. The gorse seemed the only black thing in the landscape, but the colours of the pheasant glowed so bright and warm that he was better than real, exciting, like the suddenly realised exactitude of an algebraic equation, or the sense of music.

In the mood of high sensibility induced by the pheasant, the gypsy woman coming over the hill and down the road of snow towards me had the air of a portent: she seemed to tower, tall, lean, and rangy. The light creating these effects was the last of the day, from low down in the west. As it waxed with the swift parting of cloud it dyed the road and the valley orange, and turned the trees from purple to black. I stood still, for no reason, and waited for the woman to reach me: that she was a gypsy I knew from her walk, her carriage and her clothes, for only gypsies have the power to make a collection of old garments, sharked up God knows where, and which would disgrace a rag man's barrow, look like some ancient and becoming peasant costume. The long and dirty serge skirt becomes swagger; the ridiculous hat, which would be laughable in an old snapshot is insolent and rakish on a gypsy head.

As we drew level, the gypsy looked at me out of the sides of her eyes, sly and watchful. She hesitated. I, in a dirty duffel coat and old Wellingtons surely offered little hope of gain. But these people have an almost Jewish regard for the profit and pleasure of many small and useful dealings. The gypsy woman said: "Want some firewood, dear?" I replied that I could always do with some, though I had a cord in the yard. I asked what sort of wood she had to sell. "Bought a lot standing, off the Court," she said, referring to the Estate. "Just off the road. Come and look, dear. Take your choice."

I followed her into the coppice, our boots neatly breaking through the frozen crust of snow, with a sharp crackling, as if we trod dry beech-mast. In the clearing where the saw-bench had been set up the snow was trodden into mud fast freezing, and the litter of wet sawdust, lop and top, and old fires, was ugly. An old car and a new caravan were drawn up to one side of the clearing, near the caravan a fire was burning, there was an iron pot slung above it, and a rich smell of cooking. Three men sat round the fire on five-gallon drums upholstered with folded sacks, who stared at us indifferently as we approached. My guide said: "Gentleman wants some firewood," and sat down on another drum. "It depends on what you've got," I said.

The oldest man, perhaps the husband of my acquaintance, said: "Plenty of that here," took the lid off the pot, and prodded the stew with an old fork. The youngest got up to fetch plates, whereupon I sat down in his place and he looked at me with a scowl as if he had half a mind to quarrel. "There's birch," the elder said, pointing to a neatly stacked pile of logs. I objected to birch and he seemed surprised. "Smells fine," he said, without conviction, "scents the house." "It smells," I said, "of hot paint. And has to be split."

He gave me more attention at that, nodding, and began to ladle out the stew. The smell set my mouth watering, and perhaps I looked at the food greedily. He made a sign to the young man who ungraciously fetched another tin plate, and a spoon. "You'll have a bite of this . . ." the old man hesitated, looked at me quickly. "See, you're Mr. . . .?" I told him. "Ah! Of this pheasant?" he completed his invitation. "Poaching, eh?" I said.

"You don't have to eat it, dear," the woman said.

"I'll have some," I said. I ate the leg the elder gave me in my fingers. It was delicious but it was not pheasant. And unless it was a four-legged bird, there was more than one. "Oak, now," the gypsy said, "there's a decent bit of oak. Burns hot and slow, might be coal. Or there's larch."

I accepted oak, rejected larch, on the ground that it spits.

"It does that," the elder said. Neither of the younger men said a word all the time I was there.

"I should like some ash," I said, putting the plate on the frozen mud beside me and refusing a second helping. "A fine fat pheasant," I said, "and well cooked." The woman looked at me doubtfully and said, assuming the professional whine, "Aye, fed on the fat of the land they are, while we has to work like niggers for a bit of bread." It was a conventional gesture, completely untrue. "You don't go short of

much," I said, and the old man chuckled. The woman said, hastily, "Ash that's green, fire for a queen." I acknowledged this inevitable adage as if I now heard it for the first time, with pleasure.

"Your own fire, now," I said, "how about that? What are you burning?"

It was indeed a splendid fire, a mass of amorphous, hotly glowing and pulsating lumps of fuel I could not identify, though I took it for bark. The two young men stared at me as if my ignorance was surprising and the old man laughed shortly. "Can't let you have none of that," he said. "Old boots that is."

He stirred the comforting mass of heat with a stick and then, reaching into a sack at his side pulled out a lamentable boot, shapeless, cracked gaping between sole and upper, and threw it on the fire. It smoked and then began to burn with a hot flame. "Not a copse in Kent," the gypsy woman said, "but you'll find 'em by the sackload. Burn lovely they do. House people's very wasteful." I had seen that for myself, of course, seen primroses growing between the rotting boots and the rusting steel, thousands and thousands of tons of the stuff we were supposed to need so badly. I drew back from the heat, saying there was nothing like leather, even for a fire apparently.

We agreed then, on the wood they were to deliver and on the price, and perhaps because I had eaten with them the price seemed reasonable. "I enjoyed the pheasant," I said, turning to leave them. The old man put his hand before his mouth in a gesture of caution, and the other three stared into the fire. I felt that a conspiratorial smile was called for, and offered it.

In the coppice the fire had shed a red light, but beyond, on the road, the last, olive-green light from the sky made the scene of snow and bare trees seem colder than any merely real winter, as cold as winter in a carol. Before I was half-way home darkness had fallen; but there was a moon, it turned the world to silver, each tree had a silver halation and the air itself, thin and cold, seemed to be on the edge of visibility, a silver vapour. It was, above all, for this kind of thing that one lived in the country, for these experiences of the senses able to create a mood of intense, still happiness, followed by an excited, irrational feeling of achievement, as if one had made this beauty for oneself. Could that be done? I recalled that it could indeed, remembering a night in London the colour of which was also, incomprehensibly, silver, although its manifest tones were all warmer than that cold metal. To create the same effect in that townscape it had been necessary to be a little drunk on Christopher Fry, friendship and Johannisberger. The wine and my companion's mood were clues to the colour link . . . a silver wine, a silver mood, cool, light on the surface, but not without texture and body. Hanging over the parapet of Westminster Bridge we had watched the commonplace and moving spectacle of light playing in water, but the air, then, too, had this same visibility as a vapour of silver; and all we said then, as all I, alone, thought now, was clear and true beyond the usual achievement of the mind. Evidently we make the splendour of the world by some act of art; but out of the towns it is possible to do the work alone, so many and rich, and ready to hand are the materials.

When I came in, my wife said: "Two pullets are missing." I was momentarily disconcerted and then I said: "Yes, I've just been eating one," and told her, and she said, "Well, you're in no position to indulge the righteous indignation of a man of property." But in any case I was in no mood to do so.

EDWARD HYAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

CORBUSIER'S MODULOR

WHEN architecture is talked of, the name of Le Corbusier enters, sooner rather than later; and within these last few years one has learnt to expect to hear the word Modulor immediately afterwards. What does it mean? It is a hybrid in the telegraphic-address style, containing elements of *module* and *section d'or*, and it is the name given by Le Corbusier to a system he has invented—a system of space-notation. For this system, its author makes considerable claims, seeing it, even, as a companion of the drawing-board as inseparable as the compass. Whether these claims will be substantiated or whether, in due course, the Modulor will be regarded as a curiosity, interesting only as a by-product of the most fertile architectural mind of our time, I cannot pretend to say. On either score, obviously, it is worth our present attention.

Le Corbusier has always lectured us as from a cosmic rostrum, dramatising himself as the type of the New Man emerging from the post-1918 muddle, and plotting the externals of a harmonious world between the mysteriously related poles of Cubism and Relativity. All his writings have this tense, mid-air character, like messages tapped out by a soul travelling through space-time, whose particular transit happens to be on this untidy planet. His buildings are messages. They never belong to their surroundings, or even wholly to their users, they belong only to each other—fragments of a possible world, not of an existing or, it may be thought, of a probable one. In the post-1945 muddle, so unlike its predecessor, their extreme clarity and hyper-objectivity begin to have a haunting quality. We have not caught up with them. They are the furnishings of a futurity from which we are busy diverging.

The Modulor belongs to this Le Corbusier protocosm. It has been evolved step by step in the course of its inventor's working life, and two years ago he produced a little square book* giving the whole story. Telegraphed, like his previous books, in dots and dashes of autobiography, philosophy, archæology and factual exposition and illustrated with explosive scribbles and witty little diagrams, it is at once faintly irritating (like the very smartest copy-writing) and irresistibly lucid.

Ever since the article, *Les Tracés Regulateurs*, written in 1921 and incorporated in *Vers une Architecture*, Le Corbusier has held a passionate belief in the virtue of a geometrical groundwork, both in painting and architecture, as a necessary corrective as well as a source of inspiration. Many of his published buildings show, in the drawings, the *tracés* which control their elevations. The systemisation, however, which led to the Modulor, only began in 1943, during the idle years of the Occupation. Le Corbusier conceived the idea of a proportional "grid" applicable to all building works in the coming age of reconstruction. The first step was an arbitrary one—the adoption of an upright double square as the "container" of a standing man with one arm above his head. Juggling with the possibilities of a third square placed across the other two, Le Corbusier and his collaborators came upon a figure whose divisions were related to the original unit in the ratio know, since the 16th century, as the "golden section," or more ordinarily as "mean and extreme ratio." The figure works empirically and, if there is a theoretical snag, Le Corbusier by-passes it and goes on to construct, out of its

* *Le Modulor: essai sur une mesure harmonique à l'échelle humaine, applicable universellement à l'architecture et à la mécanique.* Editions de l'Architecture d'aujourd'hui, 5, Rue Bartholdi, Boulogne.

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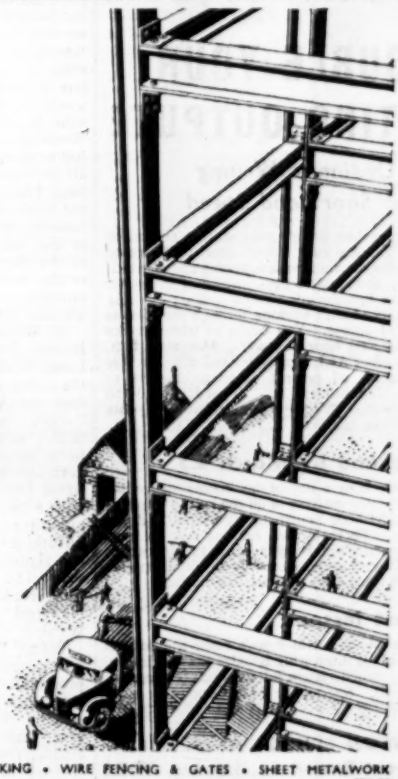

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parts, a "gamut" of dimensions increasing and diminishing from those of the original combination of squares. In one phase of this gamut the dimensions are strictly those of the human body—those, anyway, of a fine upstanding six-foot man. They diminish downwards to the minutiae of the precision-instrument and increase upwards to the scale of vast town-planning projects. Throughout, there is this play of the golden-section, deployed in two parallel series which, between them, provide dimensions suitable for all the practical purposes of town-planning, architecture and industrial design.

The geometry of the Modulor is of the simplest—any schoolboy can understand it: at least, that is Le Corbusier's contention, and as even I have not found it wholly incomprehensible, I am willing to believe him. Einstein glanced at it in 1946 and wrote that "it is a gamut of proportions which makes it difficult to go wrong and easy to go right," which I take to be a good enough pass-mark for anybody's sums. In practice, the Modulor has been applied by its inventor to the design of several of his own buildings. His Unité d'Habitation at Marseilles—easily the greatest architectural experiment since the war—can be described in terms of fifteen dimensions, derived from the Modulor.

The invention has great charm and entrancing possibilities—possibilities dangerously attractive, perhaps, to panacea-hunters in the international field. In some circumstances it might provide convenient common ground between the metric and Anglo-Saxon systems, since the latter adapts itself readily to the Modulor diagram. Intrinsically, however, the Modulor is the creation of an architect of genius who, like others of his kind, from Alberti to Lutyens, has found a numerical discipline an absolute necessity in his own work. It may indeed be that the value of such systems to architecture is in direct proportion to the imaginative capacity of architects and their corresponding need for an instrument which regulates, and at the same time liberates, the tides of intuition. If that is so, the likelihood is that each man will puzzle out his own discipline. But for one generation at least, no architect will be able wholly to ignore the Modulor.

JOHN SUMMERSON

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TELEVISION NOTES

It seems hardly possible that a machine can so strongly bind a nation together, and the powers of television apparatus to do this, with far greater intensity than sound radio alone, have never been so surely demonstrated as they were on Monday and Friday of last week. For television has never yet had to cover an occasion of such dimension since it began to serve the public.

On Monday the camera swung slowly round the waiting scene in Palace Yard; then it showed us the long, curved view up Whitehall, the white road edged with the black lines formed by the mourning crowds. When the procession from King's Cross came into full shot the commentary stopped, but the microphones were left alive to pick up the cry of a child in the muffled sounds made by the hushed crowds and the distant hoot of an engine at Charing Cross. Then with the jingle of harness the little procession slowly passed and the camera followed it, turning the full half circle. There could be nothing more moving than this. The procession seemed so small, the occasion so large. No film, however carefully cut and presented after the event was over, could equal the direct share in this national act of mourning which the television service was able to offer to its public. A newsreel I saw subsequently at the cinema, though so much clearer pictorially, seemed almost indecent with its excess of florid commentary.

That was Monday of last week. On Friday came the sombre pageantry of the State funeral itself, lit every now and then by the flashing heraldic colours of tabards and uniforms, of the State coaches and the Household cavalry, and the blaze of the Royal Standard draping the coffin itself—isolated colours which heightened immeasurably the pathos of the occasion, but to which, of course, television is still blind. In spite of certain faulty cameras at Windsor (how one prayed for the engineers in charge!), the visual coverage of the whole ceremony was magnificent: the long vistas of the procession in Whitehall from the gun-carriage to the rear, followed by the views from Hyde Park Corner of all the units of the procession from its beginning back to the gun-carriage. For almost all the time one heard only the successive waves of funeral music from the bands, or the farewell of the pipers, the slow tramp of feet, the clop of the horses, the shouted orders, the murmurs of the crowd, the tolling bells and the measured gun-fire. Words were few, except at first to identify the members of the procession.

At Windsor itself a huge long-shot from the Round Tower covered the slow progress up Long Walk, and the camera then swung over the castle roof to view the entry of the cortège into the Upper Ward. This camera used a "zoom" lens most effectively to draw in artificially to closer views. The last camera positions were outside St. George's Chapel, using both closer shots and a final general view of the whole Chapel front. Again, it was wise to permit only a bare minimum of commentary, except to explain in advance of the funeral a little of the historic territory the procession was to cover and the significance of Windsor Castle as a Royal seat. The whole transmission at night, the telefilm recording supplemented by Television Newsreel sequences taken at Paddington and Windsor stations, lasted just over two hours.

Before the television programmes had to be re-arranged, we were lucky enough to see a programme of songs and dances from Katherine Dunham's repertoire. What a generous personality she has—how she revealed that broad ease and pleasure in self-expression which characterises a good artist who has personally created her own particular form of art and carried it successfully over the world! Each song, each dance added cumulatively to the varied pleasures of this programme, which came direct from the Cambridge Theatre and suffered now and then from what seemed to be a fault in the camera handling the closer shots.

T. S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party*, impeccably produced by Michael Barry, gave us a verse drama on the quiet, intense level that is ideal for television. Eliot's verse (he refers in *Poetry and Drama* to his search for "a form of versification and an idiom which would serve all my purposes, without recourse to prose, and be capable of unbroken transition between the most intense speech and the most relaxed dialogue") speaks at its best in two-shots and close-ups, as is proved in the fine scene in the consulting room between Edward Chapman as the psychiatrist and Ursula Howells as Celia Coplestone. I do not remember having seen a part better played on television than that performed by Miss Howells. The final burden of the play rests on the character of Celia Coplestone even more than it does on that of the psychiatrist, since his character is assured to the point of being sententious, whereas hers is seen to be in the throes of change and development. Miss Howells never failed in the long and exacting series of close shots in which we watched the agony of a spirit seeking unknown requirements.

ROGER MANVELL

THE MOVIES

"The Greatest Show on Earth," at the Plaza
"The Well," at the London Pavilion
"Hunted," at the Odeon

The Greatest Show on Earth isn't; it is merely Cecil B. De Mille's latest. Those who thought his *Samson and Delilah* funny won't find this one so. For one thing it lasts two and a half hours. Then, the two magnitudes that belong, as it were, to Mr. De Mille—God, and History—are missing. They are only represented, the one by a clergyman blessing a train, and the other by a procession of famous cowboys. Marie Antoinette, Snow-White and the Seven Dwarfs, and a choir chanting "Adeste Fideles". Elephants, monkeys come later. We are at the circus; and a helluva circus, I need hardly tell you. Six rings are hardly enough to hold sensation. Trapeze artists, having cut the ropes of their nets, vie with one another to crash to the ground; managers grind their teeth and weigh up the receipts; sorrowful clowns never take off their make-up; fleas get loose, and then lions and jaguars; and everyone exclaims, "The circus must go on." On and on. Yet this absurd parody, touched up with arch dialogue and furious Technicolor, has its basis of fascination: there's a real circus in the background—the Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey, employing 1,400 people, travelling about in four-section trains, giving cage-room to heaven knows how many animals, and stealing the thunder of Presidental Elections.

Easily the most breathless moments are provided by a lake of canvas and men with ropes; up, up, slowly into the blue sky, rises the "big top"; the ropes strain, and there we are—the biggest top in the world. In fact, nearly all the off-moments are good, even if the pan-American brand of circus may seem quite to have ousted the magic one remembers from Islington or the Cirque d'Hiver. Seeing into the works is fun. But in general what has happened to the film is what has happened to the clowns; James Stewart bumbles about sentimentally in paint and pantaloons, while a real clown—the memorable Kelly—is made to seem as flat as a street entertainer.

The Well belongs to that decently exciting class of American film which deals, or attempts to deal, with race conflict. Between Negroes and Whites the balance is here very carefully poised: if the first started it, the second soon turn nastier. In a Southern town a Negro child has disappeared and a white man has been arrested on suspicion; rumour whirls about, the storm breaks. The quiet little town of the morning has to send out an appeal to the militia, and panic is only quelled

by the discovery of the supposed victim in a deep well. Hatreds are buried, race is forgotten, during the long vigil of an attempted rescue. *The Well* ends, as such films are doomed to end, with loving-kindness all round; yet it is a true, taut, exciting little drama to encounter. The directors, Russell Rouse and Clarence Green, have matched their theme with a notably alert photography, and the climaxes are well made. Henry Morgan, as the suspected stranger, lends his weight to a small part.

The theme of *Hunted*—dangled at us from the title—is so well-worn than one could vote for the abolition of hunting on the screen. Let all criminals, say, be bedridden and their pursuers on holiday, all heights barred, all sewers stopped, for a period of a year. Then, as in the release from universal fixity in René Clair's *Paris qui dort*, how glad we should be to see the chase resumed, to welcome such films as *Hunted*! This, as a matter of fact, is an enjoyable enough thriller, neatly directed by Charles Crichton, and enlivened by a six-year-old ragamuffin (Jon Whitely). Its appeal lies in the change of heart in the criminal whose unwilling but intent associate he becomes. As English huntings go, this one modestly ranks high.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Winifred Nicholson, at the Lefevre

As one first walks in, the gallery seems different—full of a pale, Northern light which emanates from these faery, bewildering and yet finally disarming paintings. Disarming perhaps because intangible: their subjects are a sunlit wall, the Hebridean sea seen through a glass jar with flowers in it, mountains seen through clouds, the swell of the tide. Even the sharp emphases which pin these diffusions down are themselves barely solid things: the frilled edge of a wave or a rose, the tail feathers of a hen, the white crosses of a white hyacinth against a grey sky. Moreover their blithely crooked drawing increases this sense of drift and flow almost to the point of disintegration. Almost. In fact, the best pictures (some of the Mediterranean ones fail) are remarkably poised and the longer one looks at them, the more complete they seem. Their equilibrium is based on the spontaneous rhythm of the brushmarks, the swift rendering of tones and therefore of the quality of distance, and on a fine, razor-edge sense of placing. This finesse is, I think, the result of the artist's sureness of poetic excitement. She does not analyse the recession of the sea; rather, she is led across it by her awareness of mystery. Her paintings are essentially in the tradition of English nature poetry: local, domestic works, by no means great, but with an internal undertone of quiet amazement. In the same gallery the paintings of Vivancos, the well-known Spanish "primitive," speak, quite simply, for themselves.

J. B.

Hiroshige, at the New Burlington Galleries

This Arts Council exhibition of colour prints and drawings by Hiroshige (1797-1858) will remain open until the middle of March. I can well imagine that many readers of this notice will invent excuses for not visiting the show, arguing that Japanese prints are dated, that they may have had their value for Whistler and the Beggarstaff Brothers, but that they are now too gentle for our unquiet graves. It is true that we must not expect to be quite bowled over by them. But once we can accept the fact that they belong to a world hovering between music, poetry and painting, hard for us to penetrate because impossibly beautiful, we may learn to extract a remote, limited pleasure from them. On the whole, the prints on view are not hackneyed. There is the famous view of *Ohashi in a Summer Shower* that Van Gogh copied and transformed for Western eyes, the *Fox Fires*, and the gentleman in a straw raincoat punting a raft up a river, that everybody knows. But none of the too-famous Tokaido views are shown, and only one from the Kisokaido series. The emphasis is on flower and bird prints, on fan compositions, and there are a few curious still-lifes which were used for New Year greetings—trivialities that, like the *Madrigaux* of Mallarmé, do not deserve to be analysed too ponderously, but have their slight grace. Mr. Tikotin, who lent the prints, refused to admit into his collection any but perfect examples. Consequently, the subtlety of their drawing, and (making due allowance for the crudity of the printing process) of their colour, will come as a surprise to those of us who know them chiefly from poor impressions. The charm of Hiroshige's prints resides in the delicacy of the detail—of slender, slanting rain, of falling snowflakes, of stacked bamboo poles, of a tub floating in a marsh—which can only be conveyed in the finest impressions such as these. In this respect Hiroshige is the opposite of his robust predecessor Hokusai, who achieved his effects by bold contrasts of simplified shapes, and whose vision of nature may still be communicated in the most wretched reproductions. These are the last two great colour printers before Japan succumbed to Western influence. It must have been they whom Van Gogh had in mind when he wrote of the Japanese print in a letter to his brother: "It is never wearisome, and never seems to be done too hurriedly. Their work is as simple as breathing, and they do a figure in a few sure strokes with the same ease as if it were as simple as buttoning your coat." How ludicrous that he should have envied their facility, and deplored his own fertile clumsiness!

B. N.

Photographs by Cartier-Bresson, at the I.C.A.

A painting, however naturalistic, interprets an experience; a photograph adapts, by interception, an actual event—the raw stuff of experience. On this distinction depends the unique quality and power of a photograph. A photograph isolates for our more intense consideration one moment, one aspect, but always at the back of our minds we must remain convinced that the detail has been lifted out of life, that it *happened*—trick photography is really only an amusing diversion. The formal composition of a photograph by fixing this detail within a new unity, should increase and deepen the poignancy of its reality; it must never dissolve it by being over self-conscious. (All discernible self-consciousness in photography is automatically a *cliché*.) It is the measure of Cartier-Bresson's real genius that he is able to discover—instead of impose—a formal interest in each subject he snatches from life; his arrangement of textures, recessions and shapes, forces us to come back again and again to catch our breath at the whizz of the cyclist, the lifelessness of the sleeper, the insistence of Eastern beggars, the surprising ingenuousness of ordinary behaviour. His most stirring pictures are those most entirely concerned with people, simply because it is our vision of people, rather than of objects or places, which is normally most diffused within the continuity of time. One sees each of the European or Asiatic domestic fragments which Bresson isolates, somewhat as one remembers—because it was final—the scene of some shock when the continuity of one's own life was interrupted. It is also the most apparently immediate of his portraits which are the most superbably effective: Bonnard pottering in his studio, Juliot-Curie and his wife undecided at their front-door.

J. B.

"Inner Circle," at the Embassy Theatre

From the moment that the curtain rises on the sordid suburban kitchen-cum-parlour whose windows give on to an electric railway, one suspects that those trains must be more than a device to underline emotional pauses in the dialogue, and that they are destined to act as "god from the machine" in the solution of a dramatic tangle. One's suspicion proves to be correct. The three men who surround Joy—the "wide boy" whom she loves, his steady-going friend who turns "coppers' nark" and marries her, and her young spiv brother—are really too much for a decent girl to cope with; and, for her, the violent end is convenient. Mr. Hugh Hastings has concocted a stereotyped little drama of passionate doings in low life which achieves a measure of tension and suspense; but there is no development of character, so that the effect is that of an explosive short story neatly but not impressively staged. In a competent cast, Ray Jackson squeezes out of the part of the spiv brother every drop of the horrid essence of the Edgware Road.

A. V.

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Correspondence

"THE QUEEN'S OPPORTUNITY"

SIR,—Your article on "The Queen's Opportunity" in your issue of February 16 might have carried a little more conviction if you had told us, first, in what respects the way of life of the Royal Family is peculiarly that of the nineteenth-century aristocracy, and secondly in what manner you would have it adapted to contemporary conditions.

At Sandringham and at Royal Lodge the late King and his family were shown us as leading a life in the open air, working in their gardens or on their estate, and enjoying those field sports which all countrymen, irrespective of class, recently rallied to defend. In the evening we saw them by a domestic fireside, amusing themselves by music, philately, reading, occasionally by informal dances and entertainments. Certainly the nineteenth-century aristocracy did much the same. So did the gentry and farmers. So do the millions of Englishmen who live in the country to-day, whether or not they own property; and if many millions more of us are unable to follow their example, such a way of life may still remain an ideal of balance and health for which our urban surroundings can provide no proper substitute.

If it is in fact true that this mode of living is "positively rejected by an overwhelming majority of the British peoples," what would you propose for the Royal Family in its stead? The flat and restaurant life of London intellectuals? The golfing and road-house life of the suburban bourgeoisie? An existence dominated by cinema circuits and commercialised sport? And if, as is by no means impossible, the majority of the British peoples find the home life of, say, Miss Rita Hayworth closer to their ideals and aspirations than that of the Royal Family, should Her Majesty, in the name of democracy, take that as her model?

If, Sir, you feel unequal to the task of sketching a more "contemporary" way of life for royalty, I suggest that you should set it as a problem in one of your admirable week-end competitions, and give your readers a chance. It would provide excellent exercise for the more sardonic of your regular competitors.

King's College, W.C.2. MICHAEL HOWARD

SIR,—It seems clear from the events of the past week, and the reaction of the press and public generally, that a form of Shintoism is now the *de facto* religion of Great Britain. In an article on "George of England" the *Church Times* on February 15 had these words (on the worshippers in Westminster Hall): "Some were people of importance: most were people of no importance at all. . . ." The Christian Gospel proclaimed that all men, from king to peasant, were equal for they were all souls for whom Christ died. A great deal of money is still diverted to the Church of England as the Established Church, but should it not be assigned to the Privy Purse? And if the Sovereign were deified before death instead, following the Imperial Roman custom, of after, it would put an end to all those routine duties which it is thought so adversely affected the health of the late Monarch. And a Living God (or Goddess) at Buckingham Palace would be a wonderful dollar earner.

Closefield, AUSTIN LEE
Oakham, Rutland.

SIR,—What your pompous leader boils down to is simply that England's Earl Marshal should—at a time when overwhelmed by pressure of work on a highly intricate job—reverse the procedure in force, at the funeral of King George V, in the matter of short national mourning. It is your suggestion, not his, which strikes one as "both intrusive and silly." Had you restricted yourself to castigation of England's gutter press (as the *Manchester Guardian* did), all decent people would have been with you. Common decency, one might have thought, would have prevented you from criticism until King George VI was, at least, buried.

For the rest, majority opinion seems to be that the Queen of England deserves sympathy, gratitude and respect—without gratuitous advice from THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

134 Westbourne Grove, W. T. PAULUS LAW

SIR,—I am glad that THE NEW STATESMAN has pointedly referred to the parasitic hangers-on who constitute the Court and surround the monarch day in and day out. There is not even a Court fool to bring a little reality and humour into the palaces.

Another point about the events of the last ten days should be mentioned. For years, social workers, county court judges and others have been expressing grave concern at the excessive amount poor and middle-class people expend on funerals. Will this just concern be helped by the example set by the Royal Family and the State in this connection? The community is supposed to be in a bad economic situation, so it seems an ill-chosen moment to indulge in the vast expense which has been incurred in the simple process of burying a dead man. The archbishops and bishops often complain of the laity's disregard of the scriptures, but *they* seem to have forgotten Christ's saying (Luke 9. 60): "Follow me; and let the dead bury their dead."

So far as the daily press is concerned, with the notable exception of *The Daily Worker*, the demise of the monarch nowadays seems to cause a technical transformation in editorial control. The ordinary editorial staff are demoted for the time being and Messrs. Gush and Slush take charge.

51 Linden Mansions, C. H. NORMAN
Highgate Hill, N.6.

THE PRIMARY SCHOOL

SIR,—I am sure Mrs. Cole would not wish to be unfair. She had hard words to say in a recent issue of yours about the school-building activities of the Church of England in the middle and later years of the nineteenth century; in her opinion these efforts were inspired by a sectarian desire to keep the children out of the State schools. I do not think this is a fair statement of the case. It was not until 1870 that Parliament permitted the building of any State schools at all—and then only to fill the gaps in those districts where there was no other school available. Before the Act of 1870 pretty well the whole burden of school building fell upon the shoulders of the Churches—Anglican, Roman and Nonconformist—assisted after 1833 by exiguous building grants from the Committee of Council on Education. This fact—and it is a fact—surely entitles the Churches to some acknowledgment and even gratitude from students of social history. It falls within my present duty to wander up and down among the villages of Northamptonshire and Rutland; and in hamlet after hamlet I find near the church the village school provided and built, as the parish records will show, at great sacrifice by the people of the place, as a rule under the leadership of the clergy, many of whom were themselves narrowly off. Hundreds of thousands of children have been trained in these schools, and, as anyone who knows the countryside will agree, they still enjoy the confidence of the parents—at least if one may judge from the outcry that invariably follows a proposal that a school shall be closed. These buildings are not up to the best modern standards; but the Education Act, 1944, would by now have changed all that, if it had not been for grievous restrictions of finance and supply. When we think of the millions that Church people spent on these schools with little, if any, help from the State, it cannot be fair to lay upon the Churches the whole blame for the unsatisfactory condition of many of these schools to-day. When the new building regulations of the Ministry came out in 1945, the Church girded herself to do what she could to carry them out, in spite of mounting costs.

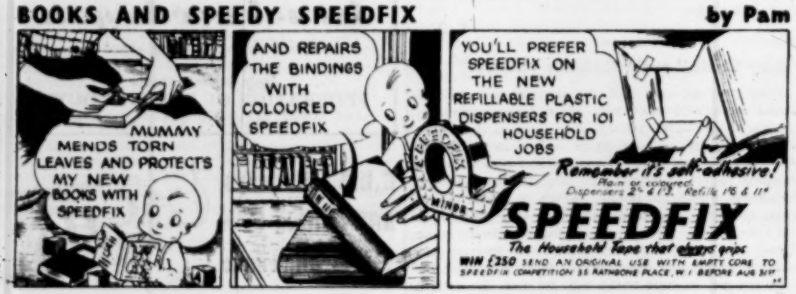
Mrs. Cole writes as if it was wrong for the Churches to build schools where the children could be trained in their faith, and as if their only motive was to keep children away from what were then known as council schools. I cannot feel that this is what she really means us to believe. She may have no sympathy with Christian teaching herself, but she cannot deny the right of those who do value it to provide it for the children whenever they can, subject always to the rights of conscience; and let it be repeated, the Church worked and planned and gave sacrificially for education long before the State recognised any responsibility at all in that province.

Her assertion that the progress of education was thwarted and blocked in those days by sectarian controversies is only too true. But it is one of the blessings of our time that that misery has passed away, to be replaced, as anyone will agree who has had experience of it, by a happier and more fruitful partnership between the Churches, the Ministry, the Local Education Authorities and the teachers.

Bishop's House, SPENCER LEESON
Peterborough.

CANCELLED CONFERENCE

SIR,—The International Astronomical Union, which meets every three years, last met in August 1948 at Zürich. At that meeting invitations were received from American and Russian astronomers respectively for the 1951 meeting to be held in Pasadena or Leningrad. The Union's Executive Committee announced in July 1950 that the Russian invitation had been accepted and that the next assembly would therefore take place in Leningrad in August 1951. The U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences accordingly went ahead with comprehensive arrangements for the assembly, including scientific discussions and excursions, and undertook to meet the living expenses of all delegates while in Russia. By December 1950 some 300 astronomers from all over the world had arranged to attend and the Russians' preparations for their reception were well under way. Suddenly, in January 1951, the whole thing was cancelled by the Committee, who said that in view of the recent in-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crease in political unrest throughout the world there were strong reasons for assuming that the number of scientists actually able to attend would be far smaller than that at first expected. The Russians protested against the cancellation and the reasons for it, claiming on the contrary that such a meeting would contribute to an even better international understanding than already existed. The Committee, however, persisted in its action and stated on March 5, 1951, that "the present international situation is likely to obstruct a representative international participation in the assembly." No further statements were issued beyond a notice to the effect that instead a meeting would be held in Rome in September 1952.

The problem is to explain this behaviour. A large number of scientists from all over the world were concerned. The Russians offered no difficulties in the way of travelling and various other scientific congresses had been successfully held. The arrangement had been agreed to more than six months, and its possibility known much longer.

Now it is significant that the Committee had twice said that there could not be adequate international representation. If this is the real reason for their action we may conclude that they had been "tipped off" that certain countries would not allow their astronomers to visit the U.S.S.R. To make matters worse the incident has been hushed up and *The Observatory*, the principal British semi-official journal, refuses to discuss it. F.R.A.S.

STRUGGLE FOR EUROPE

SIR,—In his letter, published last week, about my book *The Struggle for Europe* Mr. Alexander Werth said: "I know a good deal about Anglo-Russian relations, and I have seldom seen a story so distorted by the process of *omitting* facts and documents that do not fit the author's pattern." This is a serious charge which must be met on the ground of Mr. Werth's own choosing, namely, my treatment of "the final offensive against the Reich."

Neither on page 631, nor elsewhere, do I suggest that "Stalin played rather a trick on the Western Allies by launching his offensive on Poland on January 12th." But I do make it clear that the very substantial diversion of German forces from the East to the West for Hitler's Ardennes offensive in mid-December provided an opportunity in Poland which Stalin was quick to seize—and rightly, for by doing so he greatly accelerated Hitler's defeat. The more significant point, however, is the timing of the Yalta Conference in relation to this opportunity. For six weeks before the Ardennes offensive began Roosevelt had been trying to arrange another "Big Three" meeting in the Crimea, but until Hitler's armies were driving for the Meuse apparently unchecked, Stalin had persistently refused to agree. When he then agreed, he did so in the almost certain knowledge that before Yalta he would gain a great military victory.

Mr. Werth claims that the timing of the Soviet offensive was determined by Stalin's eagerness to bring relief to the Western Allies and he goes so far as to suggest that the Red Army's attack on January 12th was made in direct response to a request for help cabled by Mr. Churchill on the 6th. Militarily this claim is hardly credible. Stalin attacked with 180 divisions on a front of 600 miles. Does Mr. Werth seriously suggest that such a mighty offensive could have been "laid on" in five days? All the evidence is to the contrary. Guderian, then Chief of the German Army General Staff, indicates (*Panzer Leader*, page 389) that the Soviet offensive build-up in the Baranov bridgehead, the main point of attack, began in the third week of December immediately after the Germans had struck in the Ardennes. Guderian also says that when he visited the Eastern Front in the first week of January his Intelligence Officers warned him that the Russians would attack on the 12th.

It is a significant commentary on Russian secretiveness in dealing with the Western Allies that on January 6th Mr. Churchill should not have had even a general idea of Soviet intentions and that, when he inquired, he was merely told the attack would come "not later than the second half of January."

No doubt Mr. Churchill did express his appreciation of Stalin's response, for he never failed to voice his admiration of the Red Army's exploits, but Mr. Werth is surely astray in suggesting that it was the Soviet attack which caused the Germans to relax their offensive pressure in the West and that by January 17th "a number of German crack divisions had been hastily transferred from West to East." The facts, established from original documents, are as follows: The general Allied counter-offensive against "the bulge" began on January 3rd. On the 8th Hitler ordered the withdrawal from the Western Ardennes. Thus the Wehrmacht was on the defensive in the West *before* the Red Army attacked, even though Hitler did not then believe that the Russians could secure a break-through. By January 17th the transfer of divisions from the West had started, but not one had yet reached the Eastern Front. It was another five days before Hitler even ordered the eastward movement of the Sixth S.S. Panzer Army, the only "crack" formation involved. Mr. Werth will find this recorded on my page 624, together with the minutes of a conference at which Hitler told his staff, on January 22nd, "the deployment of really effective forces from the West cannot take place in less than six to eight weeks."

Finally, may I assure Mr. Werth that my only reason for omitting the documents he mentions was that in the light of all the other first-hand evidence they seemed to me irrelevant. CHESTER WILMOT

HEALTH SERVICE

SIR,—May I list one additional item to "Consultant's" list for the pruning knife? I refer to the Trainee Assistantship Scheme under which hundreds of general practitioners engage the services of assistants to whom they are supposed to give some sort of training, in return for which the major part of the assistant's salary is paid out of N.H.S. funds.

The situation has now been reached when men possessing the highest surgical and medical qualifications (F.R.C.S., M.R.C.P. and M.R.C.O.G., etc.), being under threat of the axe as Senior Registrars are unable to find their way into general practice, except as Trainee Assistants with no real prospect of promotion thereafter.

This system is pernicious for several reasons. (1) Opinion among Trainee Assistants is almost unanimous that the training is virtually negligible. (2) The trainee is frequently exploited. He is given the heavy end of the night calls and the less attractive aspects of the work are usually assigned to him. (3) The principal whose salary nearly always exceeds £2,500 per annum, and sometimes even £4,000 per annum, is well able to afford the services of an assistant, and certainly does not require a Government grant. (4) The perpetuation of this scheme reduces the number of genuine assistantships (who is going to pay an assistant when the Government will supply him with a trainee?) and thereby penalises the entrant into general practice. Not infrequently this man is an ex-registrar who has seen service during the last war, who in many instances has a wife and family, and whose medical qualifications and hospital experience are very often much better than those of the principal who is supposed to be instructing him.

REGISTRAR

JAPANESE COMPETITION

SIR,—It is difficult to resist the conclusion of Mr. Vallance "that in the mass-production for export of piece-goods, silk or artificial, 'Hanaker's down and England's done.'" The difficulty is increased by the knowledge that the average hourly wage in the Japanese textile industry is only 7½d. compared with 2s. 7d. in this country. It is only slightly mitigated by recent Japanese legislation fixing a normal working week of 48 hours, with overtime pay at least 25 per cent. over the basic rate. Even with these safeguards, the threat of Japanese competition is real, and its threat to Britain is made more real by another factor.

For most of the country, the Japanese Peace Treaty and Japanese recognition of the Chiang Kai-shek government in Formosa may be interesting questions of only academic interest immediately. For those areas whose life is staked on the prosperity of British silk—and cotton—they may be questions of immediate "bread-and-butter" economic importance. Earlier, one could always hope that the vast Chinese population would absorb a large proportion of the Japanese textile output. China needs cheap fabrics and Japan is in an admirable position to supply them, but mutual trade must remain a remote hope if Japan is parleying with Formosa.

Denied China, Japan will look farther afield for her markets. The implication to the British silk industry is obvious. K. MORGAN

Macclesfield, Cheshire.

LAND BUDGET

SIR,—There is one aspect of Dr. Joad's welcome protest which calls for comment: it is the expression of the widely held view that the fittings of industrialism must inevitably mar the beauty of the countryside. Economic considerations apart (although, taking a broad view, they are here indivisible from the aesthetic), to say that hydro-electric schemes are "trim, efficient, functional, but emphatically not beautiful" is to lay oneself as open to the charge of philistinism as did Stuart Mill with his contention that beauty in nature was the result of man's husbandry.

There are hydro-electric schemes (e.g., in the Dolomites) that are impressively beautiful. To assume (as was done in the recent Malvern Hill controversy) that such things as steel pylons must necessarily be ugly is to close one's eyes to the possibilities—and at times, to the actualities—of functional construction.

THOMAS ZEDNER

CONSTANT LAMBERT

SIR,—I have been entrusted with the task of writing the life of the late Constant Lambert.

May I ask that anyone who has letters, photographs, or other documents which may bear upon his life and work, would do me the honour to place them at my disposal? Personal reminiscences would be equally welcome. HUBERT FOSS

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Books in General

"NEVER confuse the author of a work with the man whom the work would seem to imply." Thus Paul Valéry, and it might be added that confusion arises only because, for reasons which can never be determined, some artists are monsters of egotism in life and put the more amiable side of themselves into their work, while others reverse the process. In the first, and by far the largest, category we find men like Wagner, Rousseau, Goethe and Lermontov, in the second Laclos, Molière, Leopardi, and Shakespeare. A really sound critical biography should leave us in no doubt on this head; what Mr. Ernest Newman has done for Wagner, and the Marchesa Origo for Leopardi, Mr. Frank Walker has now done for Hugo Wolf.*

Hitherto a dark horse, Wolf emerges from this excellent and most careful study as one of those demonic beings who draw heavily on the springs of universal charity. *Tout comprendre* . . . but here, as usual, there is a residue on both sides, of understanding and of forgiveness, which remains suspended in shadow. The source of light, more fully uncovered by Mr. Walker than by any of Wolf's previous biographers, is, as we might expect, the atmosphere of the composer's home, where the tensions of a top-heavy marriage were thinly concealed by a façade of conventional *Gemütlichkeit*. Hugo's father, the leather manufacturer Philipp Wolf, appears in his letters to have been melancholic and unstable to the verge of mania. His wife Katharina was obviously the kind of woman such men are apt to marry: "shrewd, energetic, and practical," she became the prop of her large family and, though she may have welcomed the role, could not always conceal a shade of contempt for her plaintive husband's inability to fill it himself. When the factory was burnt and money became tight, Philipp was overwhelmed by chronic anxiety and gave way—especially in his letters to Hugo—to reproachful self-pity. When you are struggling along on a pittance, determined to prove that you were justified in taking your own line—that, in face of rebuffs and general indifference, you are a genuine creative artist—it is exasperating enough to be aware of the parental eyes turned heavenwards in despair; but at the same time to be bombarded by hortatory and malicious letters such as those with which Philipp Wolf relieved his own sense of failure, can be resisted only by a far more equable temperament than Hugo possessed.

> What's the use of all your music writing (three years now) and not a single page published—what a costly waste of time!! . . . In this way you will never make your name; you cannot even get pupils; what use to you is your stay in Vienna? In influential circles you are not liked, and with your temperament you never *will* make yourself liked; even your friends do nothing for you. . . . You are over-particular, spoilt, and pampered, and if you lack the necessary means, you are unable to help yourself—your father must pay the piper, whether it's easy or hard for him. . . .

This sort of thing (and there was a great deal of it) is not just severity, it is unkindness. No doubt Wolf's parents imagined they loved him; but the way in which his character developed is typical of those to whom a firm conviction of parental love has been denied. Violently capricious; so restless that he moved house twenty-one times in three years—thus far outdoing even De Quincey in this form of crotchet; so irritable that his habit of cursing and swearing earned him the affectionate nickname of "Fluchu"; rude, ungrateful, insulting; this unfortunate man of genius suggests by his reckless behaviour a complete inability to appreciate the feelings of other people, to distinguish love from liking or reasonable indifference from hostility. "If the story is as boring as the manner in which you are telling it to me, I don't want to know anything about it," said Wolf abruptly to an unoffending professor whom he scarcely knew. To indulge successfully in such Johnsonian rudeness you must be able to take as good as you give. Wolf could never do this: like all those whose most outrageous sorties are hidden demands for love, he was utterly defeated by a snub. Though at all times ready to criticise other composers' music with a violence and emphasis that recall the letters of Queen Victoria, Wolf was not one of those adamant creators whose attitude to criticism is based on a solid self-esteem. His genius was indeed of the first water; but it operated fitfully, in sudden storms. His art deepened and refined itself by the leaps and bounds of some unconscious process, but he cannot be said to have profited by advice or even (consciously) by experience, and there is no evidence that he could judge his own work with the objective discrimination of a Brahms or a Tchaikovsky.

Wolf's treatment of his friends provokes the reflection so wryly expressed by Vauvenargues: "If our friends render us services, we think they owe them to us because they are our friends, forgetting that they do not owe us their friendship." But Wolf did not always forget this. A letter written to his brother-in-law as late as 1886 shows that he was capable on occasion of suddenly renouncing his touchy pride:

> I would like best to fall weeping on your neck, and on yours, too, Modesta [his sister]. I am wretched and at the same time furious with myself. Pity me, for now I know with certainty that it is my fate to wound all those who love me and whom I love. It is unfortunately not the first time that I have found myself in such a wretched state of mind. I have gained thereby the conviction that my mental condition is a thoroughly morbid one and will remain so. What would I not give to have done for you that little service, to have acted as godparent to your child! And believe me at heart I was wholly agreeable, but there whispered in my ear a devil (and I harbour legions in me) that I should not do it, because that would hurt you.

That passage contains by implication the whole of the other side of the picture, the side presented with so marvellous a variety in the songs and dexterously touched in (when Wolf will allow him) by Mr. Walker. It is the side we prefer to dwell on, the side that is expressed in all the photographs of the composer. Passionate feeling blazes from the wonderful eyes, its conviction only partially denied by the tremulous sensitiveness of the mouth and lower cheeks and by the sideways tilt of the head. These are the kind of features we should expect to find in a man whose hearing was so acute that he stuffed his ears with bread to enable him to support a train journey, and whose letters are full of shrill outbursts against the birds for preventing concentration by their noise. It is a face which warns us that its owner may burst into tears if we are not careful; it is also, clearly, the expression of a fundamentally good and winning nature. It is not hard to see what it was, over and above his genius, that made Wolf's friends (and despite his father's spiteful assertions, he had many) forgive him so much: the fragile charm, the humour, the cleverness, the gift for mimicry.

In common with the other great composers of the Viennese school—Beethoven, Schubert, Bruckner, Mahler—Wolf had an intimate love of nature. A delightfully vivid passage from the memoirs of Edmund Hellmer recalls him "bending forward at the edge of a lonely pond, his hand to his ear, while he sought to estimate the pitch of the croaking frogs in the reeds among which he stood; I see him there in the twilight still, standing and listening: stocky, broad-shouldered, thick-necked like a young faun and yet so light and delicate, as graceful in posture and bearing as Puck, the elf." It is in the earliest of his mature collections, the Mörike songs, that the evocations of country sights and sounds are most frequent, and in "Auf eine Wanderung," rightly described by Mr. Walker as one of the composer's truest masterpieces, they achieve the ecstasy of a unified impression.

This absorbing book enters, as closely as discretion permits, into the emotional life of Hugo Wolf; but those of us who hoped that it would throw further light on the origin of the composer's madness, and (still more) relate this to his abortive love affairs, will, I fear, be disappointed. Mr. Walker states in his preface that "one important chapter and a few shorter passages" have had to be omitted "out of regard for the feelings of living people." This must be accepted, but it is none the less regrettable, for the "unpleasant subject" is not matter of mere idle curiosity: it is important, if not vital, to any comprehension of Wolf's equivocal behaviour on many occasions. The fact that he contracted syphilis in very early youth is beyond dispute; exactly how this happened does not matter much; but what we should wish to be told is the extent of his own, and his friends', awareness of the disease and its implications. On page 76 Mr. Walker recounts an incident which implies that Wolf took medical advice and acted on it; but if so, how did he come to contemplate marriage, first with Vally Franck, then, only three years before his first attack of madness, with the soprano, Frieda Zerny? Again, after stating that on Wolf's thirty-seventh birthday he received many congratulatory letters, some from strangers, Mr. Walker adds: "It may be that the news had got about that it was unlikely that he had much time left him in which to be happy." Maybe; but the remark surprises, because at no previous point in the book is there any indication that Wolf's friends—let alone those who knew him only through

* *Hugo Wolf*. By FRANK WALKER. Dent. 36s.

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his art—were aware of the calamity which overhung him. The deterioration in his character during the five or six years preceding the collapse of his mind in 1897—a deterioration which issued in outbursts of unreasoning, offensive and churlish behaviour far wilder than any of which he had previously been guilty, must surely have been caused, at least in part, by the ravages of the disease. Mr. Walker gives us an admirably lucid narrative of these years, but it is difficult not to feel as we read it that there is a piece missing somewhere. It is possible that Melanie Köchert took it with her when she died; certainly no other of the composer's friends suffered him so patiently or so long, for a nature as intransigent as Wolf's can be fully accepted perhaps only by a woman, and one to whom giving is the whole of love.

As a composer Wolf is still a subject for dispute. No musician, I take it, would deny the heart-searching beauty of his purely lyrical utterances—of songs like "Auch kleine Dinge," "Auf eine Wanderung," "Nun wandre, Maria," "Sterb' ich, so hüll' in Blumen meine Glieder," "Anakreons Grab." Those who insist on comparing him unfavourably with Schubert must seek their ammunition elsewhere. Given similarity of subject *and* treatment, Wolf could hold a candle to his greater predecessor. "Um Mitternacht" is, I suggest, no less entirely successful than "Nacht und Träume." When the same text has been set by both composers, Wolf wins or loses in proportion as the poem displays a greater or lesser complexity of thought or of pictorial imagery. Goethe's Mignon songs have been set by so many composers that an interesting book on the comparative methods of approaching a text could be written round them. Mr. Walker's remarks on the subject are among the best in his critical pages and I believe he is right in ranking Schubert's "Heiss mich nicht reden" above Wolf's setting. The direct approach was not Wolf's forte and he never achieved the Elizabethan immediacy, the simple perfection, of (say) Schubert's "Wohin?", or even of Schumann at his most felicitous. On the other hand, by adapting Wagnerian harmony, and the pianistic inventions of Liszt, to the small framework of a lyric poem Wolf greatly enlarged the expressive potentialities of the Lied. In his settings of "Ganymed," "Kennst du das Land," "In der Frühe" (to give only three examples) the use of musical imagery, through subtle devices of vocal rhetoric and of extended modulation, lies beyond the scope of the earlier song writers and establishes Wolf's claim to greatness.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

LUCIFER

Lucifer did not wish to murder God,
But only to reduce His Self-esteem.
Weary of brightness where no shadow showed,
What took the rebel's fancy was a dream

Of God bewildered, angered out of measure
And driven, almost weeping, to implore,
"I built this Heaven for My angels' pleasure,
And yet you like it not. What would you more?"

At this, of course, with most Divine compassion,
Lucifer, all forgiving and adept,
Would soon have taught his Master how to fashion
A Heaven such as angels could accept.

NORMAN CAMERON

THE GREAT TORTOISE

Flaubert. By PHILLIP SPENCER. *Faber.* 25*s.*

There has been, it seems, no new life of Flaubert in English for fifty years. There have been, however, books on episodes in his life—the affair with Louise Colet and his experiences during the Franco-German war—and all critics have drawn on his copious letters, so that we have the impression of knowing more about his life and his work than of any other French novelist. He is one of the best annotated monsters of the 19th century, since so much of the commentary was supplied by the great tortoise himself. We know the doctor's child running with his sister along the corridors of the hospital, peering into the mortuary to see the bodies lying under the swarm of flies; we know the scornful boy sneering at his schoolmasters, inventing fantasies about the behaviour of the bourgeois, the dreaming adorer of the married lady at Trouville, the brutal lover of Louise Colet, the man who made love to a prostitute with a cigar in his mouth, the disenchanted traveller in Egypt and the peculiar collector of knick-knacks at Croisset saying his sentences aloud and spending his three weeks on a sentence or a page. He is the supreme bourgeois artist and he has had to bear a great burden of exposition, attack and counter-attack from every point of view. What more is there to say? For the biographer, the task is to drain off a good deal of extraneous comment and to reconsider the life itself and relate it to the works in progress. Mr. Spencer has done this, his analysis of the course of Flaubert's life and predicament is scrupulous, sympathetic and clarifying, and the literary criticism is confined to what is proper to biography. On one or two points, such as the Flaubert doctrine of impersonality, he removes the inevitable misunderstanding.

The predicament of Flaubert is that of the man whose imagination exhausts life before he gets to it. To his horror he finds boredom and wretchedness. He goes out of his way to increase his awareness of the ugly, the bestial and the grotesque, in order to intensify the dream of beauty when he returns; yet he does not forgive the dream for deluding him about life. Consciously he plays the trick upon himself until he is its victim. He was convinced that every time he had taken "the common path," the experience had harmed him; in fact, from the point of view of the mature human being, Flaubert seems never to have taken the common path at all. He appears to be fixed at some point in childhood or adolescence, and to have developed his enormous gifts to disguise the fact from himself. The search for the grotesque is a typical device and where the grotesque was provided by bourgeois society and where it was imported by a brilliant brain for its own elaborate reasons, we cannot distinguish. As Mr. Spencer says:—

> Unless one is prepared to justify the tension that permanently existed between Flaubert and society, his amusement is disproportionate. The laugh is bitter and personal, springing from an acceptance of folly and corruption as incurable. It is a laugh of revenge not of the reformer's satire.

Nor was it the pitying laugh of the tragedian. The subject of *Madame Bovary* is the subject of *Don Quixote;* how timidity and hatred have diminished it.

The dislocation in Flaubert's life has been variously put down to the degeneration of the Romantic movement, to the tendency towards isolation in his phase of middle-class civilisation, to the bleak religious indifference inherited from his father, to psychological illness. In many ways Flaubert was simply his father's son. The angry scorn of the distinguished, saintly and disappointed doctor is like the son's; it must have been felt in childhood. Flaubert himself believed, almost dogmatically, in the effects of environment, and made much of the impression that had been made on him by the horrors of the hospital. But, as Mr. Spencer says, the fact that Flaubert *selected* such influences does not explain why he selected them. What provoked the need to have a "presentiment" that life was a stench? It is a mystery. Perhaps the success of his elder brother in his admired father's world drove Flaubert to value only ideal consolations. It was perhaps necessary to believe in the fatuity, ugliness and meaninglessness of the "stench," and to believe that virtue and beauty lay only in the remote, because of his brother's success. Flaubert built his extraordinary and original structure on the one weakness of his humane and enlightened family: their Philistinism.

We cannot solve the mystery of his neurosis but we can follow its involved course and what his will and intellectual vitality were able to make of it. The Goncourts saw him as "a man who had something killed under him in youth." The bombast, truculence and pose of adolescence, continued into middle age but were now elaborated into a bluff and humble personality which was half-spurious, half-genuine. Consumed by the egotist's concern with himself, he gradually stylised his past; for the past had taken the place of the orgiastic dream world he had lived in when he was young.

Mr. Spencer goes exhaustively into all this. He is not distracted by what is unpleasant in Flaubert's character: the coarseness of his hatreds. For if Flaubert hated humanity, if he was unattractively timid, and was incapable of strong feeling or warmth in those human relationships where the passions operate upon us against our will, he was generous and affectionate in the milder climate of friendship. His eagerness to overrate his friends and to have them under his thumb, his willingness to be swindled by his niece and her husband, can be interpreted as the egotist's selfishness; but Georges Sand saw the pathos of the monster who expected his friends to yield entirely to him, who was hurt when they could not laugh at his latest discovery in the folly of the bourgeois, who was even annoyed when they walked—walking was harmful—and who could not understand that they did not want to drop their mask and be frank. Preposterous as Flaubert was, as preposterous as any of his bourgeois, he had the naivety of the great artists. The transcendent naivety the illusion that the artist's identification with life can be achieved by the brain without the heart. The ivory tower of Flaubert looks nowadays more like the ivory tower of science than of art.

V. S. PRITCHETT

OUT OF HATRED

The Naked Island. By RUSSELL BRADDON *Werner Laurie.* 15*s.*

An attempt to describe prison camp under the Japanese to anyone who has only read newspaper accounts of atrocities is a little like trying to explain a Calvinistic concept of Hell to an agnostic. There is a similar indifference to be defeated, indifference coming from a lack of interest in horrors which are, after all, irrelevant to the routine complexities of living. This is probably why so few books about Japanese prison camp have made their appearance. A great many ex-prisoners, certainly, have tried to write them, but been defeated by the very fact of a return to something approximating the norm they left in 1941. A season in Hell becomes an embarrassment to the traveller who has returned.

Mr. Braddon is determined to force us into acknowledging his Hell. Almost from the moment of first contact with Japanese in the fighting we are shown the devils, diabolical squat figures who for the three and a half years of the author's captivity prod him towards the utmost limits of physical and mental endurance. The devils in *The Naked Island* are all of a pattern, human in shape but humanly unrecognisable; no guard appears who shows any sustained weakness towards kindness, and all are driven by various forms of compulsion to cruelty. Mr. Braddon is obviously very near to believing in an enthroned Beelzebub in Tokyo, from whom emanated a continuous stream of new and ingenious tortures for the damned.

The general picture is certainly valid as one man's impression of those years. But I began to feel, even before I reached the section of the book

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to which my own experience runs parallel, that the author was sometimes colouring his truth, making atrocity a weapon with which to bludgeon the reader into interest. And I can find no excuse for this. The truth is quite enough, and accuracy becomes a duty.

I could find no excuse, for instance, for Mr. Braddon's story of an Argyll prisoner who goes to the defence of an Australian, and for his gallantry is so badly beaten by Japanese guards that he died a few days later in camp. This incident could have happened, it happened often enough in other places and at other times, but I can find no evidence to indicate that it happened, as Mr. Braddon says it did, on a working party from Pudu camp in Kuala Lumpur. As a prisoner-interpreter in Pudu I know that all cases of violent brutality on working parties, *certainly* any case involving the hospitalisation of a prisoner, were the subject of bitter complaints by British officers. Mr. Braddon himself admits that the prisoner-officers in Pudu worked hard for the welfare of the men held with them. And had a man died in Pudu as the result of a working-party beating there would have been ructions lasting for days, which I would have had excellent cause to remember. I have no recollections of this incident as described. Further, I have checked with an Argyll officer who was in continual contact with the men of his unit in Pudu, and responsible for the complete records kept of this period. He tells me that no Argyll died in Pudu as a direct result of injuries received from a Japanese working-party beating.

Mr. Braddon makes the most casual use of sweeping generalities. He states that it was Japanese policy to issue rations on the basis of the number of fit men who went to work, which means, of course, that the sick and others in camp had to be fed by the workers. I agree that very often the ration was so small that this might well have seemed to be the case, but, in fact, it was not policy in any camp in which I was detained, either in Malaya or Japan, although it may well have been in Thailand. My experience was that there was no hard-and-fast policy of rations for prisoners, that we were, in fact, more often the victims of the Japanese Army's chaotic supply system than of their vicious malice.

The Naked Island reads as though it had been written immediately after release, a book with the hate still strong in it. Time has apparently not leavened Mr. Braddon's bitterness. He cannot see even yet that we were not the victims of a deliberate plot against basic human decency but were instead part of the shambles of Japanese triumph, one of the minor by-products of their victory. He sees all their brutality as calculated, a savagery rooted in something much deeper than the frenzy of the time. And his hatred, after five years, still matches the hatred he met then. Because of this it is impossible not to measure *The Naked Island* against another prison book, *Three Came Home*, which survives (despite the film version with a plump Miss Colbert as an emaciated Mrs. Keith), because the author could not stop at her hatred. Russell Braddon does. There are hints in his story of the old Australian dread of the yellow peril, that problem of Asia's billion menacing a huge, vacant island. And this problem is easier to deal with when one sees the Oriental as incomprehensible, sub-human by Western standards, something against which the white races can only hope to muster an adequate defence. Mr. Braddon seems to forget that one of the white races evolved Belsen.

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DENT

WHO WROTE OMAR?

Omar Khayyám. A New Version based upon Recent Discoveries. By ARTHUR J. ARBERRY. *Murray.* 15*s.*

For many years, like Shakespeare's sonnets and the front at Nice, Omar Khayyám has provided a favourite English playground. Was he a great poet or not? Did FitzGerald, so to speak, make him? Did FitzGerald do him justice? Had not the time come when sources must be more strictly considered, etc.? The little volume of 1859, in fact, had turned out far too popular and its author far too undislodgeable not to become the sport of amenders. Professor Arberry is no exception in this. He quietly underestimates FitzGerald. A frontal assault being out of the question, he asks us to share an amazement that FitzGerald's version should still enjoy its "extraordinary vogue," to note how little resemblance it bears to the original. But one advantage at least this new translator possesses over most of his predecessors: he has come upon fresh manuscripts which do much to clear up the mystery. The original 158 quatrains have become 252. Professor Arberry's claim that he gives us a great deal more of Omar than we ever had before seems indisputable.

How then does he emerge, this once shadowy figure in the background of our enjoyment? As a scholar-poet, suggests Professor Arberry, with the standing and much of the temperament of A. E. Housman. The quatrains, or a good many of them, were epigrams in a traditional form, fired off perhaps at dinner or after lectures. "Housman is the more sentimental, and Omar the more astringent." They reveal

> The common felicity of language, the common affectation of rusticity, the common reaction against an entrenched orthodoxy, the common sense of instability in personal affairs, the common enjoyment of a tolerant despair.

With this comparison in mind—interesting, by the way, not only in itself, but because there are obvious affinities between Housman and FitzGerald—we go on to explore the stanzas in which Professor Arberry hopes to have found a natural equivalent of the original. The close-knit Arabic pattern of four 13-syllable lines rhyming AABA or AAAA becomes in English two verses in the metre of *In Memoriam*. Thus:

> The clouds look down, this April shine,
> And weep anew upon the grass;
> O suffer not sweet life to pass
> Without the crimson bloom of wine,
> And this soft grass is ours to-day.
> To view with happy, hasty mirth:
> And who shall press in later birth
> The grasses springing from our clay?

Charming; but where the epigrammatic essence spoken of in the Introduction? Has not the reprehensible FitzGerald, however deviating from his text, come nearer its writer's method?

> And we, that now make merry in the Room
> They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
> . . . Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
> Descend—ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

I have purposely chosen an example of Arberry's best and FitzGerald's second best; and still, except in the matter of literalness, FitzGerald romps—or rather slides in a stately punt—home.

My general impression from reading Professor Arberry's version, which sustains a continuous mild pleasure, is that FitzGerald's chief divergence from his original lies in a velvety melancholy replacing gay silks. The brocading of

> The Worldly Hope men set their hearts upon
> Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon
> Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
> Lighting a little hour or two—is gone

remains pure FitzGerald; ashes, snow, desert are all his, where before there was the sparkle of dew. We do thus, by storing differences from an engraved English poem, come to experience a distinct original. So much—and it is not negligible—we owe to the filter of Professor Arberry's criticism and translation. The real Omar seems to be courtly, sly, hedonistic, mocking, and gay: a far cry from old Housman. Omar stretches out a hand calling for wine till we're sick of it; Housman walked and quaffed beer.

G. W. STONIER

GERMANY AT HIGH TIDE

Documents on German Foreign Policy 1918-1945: Series D (1937-1945). Vol. IV: The Aftermath of Munich, October 1938-March 1939. *H.M. Stationery Office.* 21*s.*

The Munich settlement created Greater Germany; six months later, with the occupation of Prague, the tide began to ebb. The latest volume of documents from the archives of the German foreign ministry covers this strange period of uneasy calm, when the world stood still. These are documents drawn from the margin of events, useful enough for the historian, but not likely to achieve the original purpose of the collection. It was expected that a full publication of German diplomatic documents would establish Germany's war-guilt; but, since the foreign ministry was remote from Hitler and his policy, the volumes have only displayed the impotence and ignorance of the professional diplomats. They did their best to keep up with Hitler; devised excuses for his policy and put it in technically respectable form. But they were as incapable of inspiring German aggression as of stopping it—Abelards, one might say, though with vicious tendencies. No one who reads this volume, for instance, is likely to accept the picture, later propagated, of Weizsäcker, the Secretary of State, as the devoted champion of peace and moderation; nor, however, did he have any influence in the opposite direction. The best—and the worst—that can be said for the German diplomatists is that their jobs no longer mattered and that, in sticking to them, they did no harm to anyone except themselves.

About a third of the present volume covers Germany's dealings with Czechoslovakia in the last, post-Munich phase. There is not much new here; the whole degrading story has long been known. No doubt those who came to power in Czechoslovakia after the dismemberment wanted to do their best for their people and thought to achieve it by abject conformity to Hitler's will. This however could not be discovered; and, having obeyed the instructions of the German foreign ministry, the Czech collaborators were pushed aside. Though these documents do not

make it clear why Hitler decided to occupy Prague, two things stand out. It was a move rather against Hungary than against the Czechs; and it was taken without the slightest realisation that it would have an adverse effect in England and France. In fact Hitler took the step which lost him the mastery of Europe because he assumed, along with all other Germans, that he had already won it.

The German foreign ministry was not only ignorant of Hitler's policy and intentions; it was equally ignorant of the policy of the other Great Powers. The reports of the German ambassadors, printed here, consist either of press summaries or of personal gossip; none of them ever discussed general policy with a responsible Foreign Minister. The ambassador in Paris saw Bonnet a good deal, mainly to arrange for Ribbentrop's visit in December. But the ambassador in London never exchanged a word of importance with Lord Halifax; the ambassador in Moscow never saw anyone; and there was no ambassador in Washington. The traditional machinery of international relations had broken down; and it has not been restored to the present day. Short of a meeting between heads of states, there was nothing but casual encounters of subordinates—press-attachés, and men on trade missions, who were not trained observers and who also exaggerated their own importance. In London the Germans met only economic experts and business men who were naturally anxious to increase their trade with Germany; from this (so far as they drew any lesson at all) they assumed that Great Britain had washed her hands of continental affairs. It would be unfair to record the nonsense which the German reported. After all, these Englishmen did not realise that they would be quoted to Berlin as "the voice of Britain." But it is possible to understand how the Germans came to believe that appeasement was securely established in England and France.

This volume enforces the conclusion already drawn from other sources that the explanation of diplomacy in the pre-war period was its concentration on Europe to the exclusion of both Russia and America. The four Powers who had composed the Munich conference still thought of themselves as "the Great" and supposed that everything turned on their relations with each other. The Western Powers misjudged the balance between themselves and Germany; both sides exaggerated the importance of Italy. All alike thought that they were making history, when all they were doing was completing the eclipse of Europe. A. J. P. TAYLOR

FROM NEW WRITING

Pleasures of New Writing. Edited by JOHN LEHMANN. *Lehmann.* 21*s.*

Literary magazines have played a number of important roles in their time. Young writers, who cherished typescript poems and stories as masterpieces, saw them in cold print and after the first flush of pride, realised how poor they were. Publishers on the look-out for new talent decided on the strength of short works to encourage many of these writers to try their hand at something more ambitious. Each generation produced its own crop of little magazines, which faded away when they had fulfilled their purpose. Pathetic, futile, precious and inept though they often were, they fostered most of the finest talent of our time.

Until John Lehmann started *New Writing* in 1936, it was accepted that these magazines were publications for the highbrow minority of the upper and middle classes. Their appeal and circulation was small. That went without saying, until during the Thirties anti-fascism created a new grouping of the public in politics, in emotion and to a smaller degree in literature. Anti-fascist writers, labelled by the subscription library public as highbrows, suddenly saw the opportunity of reaching a far wider public, described as "the masses." *New Writing* was one of the bridges across which the anti-fascist writers were to sally from their ivory towers and link forces with these masses. Unfortunately the masses did not possess the money to buy the comparatively high-priced quarterly bound as a book. *New Writing* remained a highbrow publication.

John Lehmann's chance came in 1940 when Allen Lane agreed to publish extracts from the early *New Writings* in a Penguin edition. Starting as a reprint, *Penguin New Writing* gradually published more and more specially commissioned material, a large part of it being reporting of various aspects of the war. It sold by the hundred thousand and it seemed as if the bridge had been permanently thrown between these writers and a mass public. Judged as literature, these wartime contributions were often crude and unpolished; but because the authors were all in one way or another sharing the experiences of millions, the gap between writers and readers was narrowed. Once the war was over, the gap began to widen once again. Though *Penguin New Writing* still commanded a far wider readership than any other magazine devoted to the arts, it was attacked on the one hand by the competition of many more books, and on the other by the increase in publishing costs. Its fortieth number was its last. It had gone the way of *Life & Letters* and *Horizon*, leaving a cultural gap which only the B.B.C. has tried to fill.

Its editor is now engaged in salvaging from the wreck those pieces he thinks worthy of survival. *Pleasures of New Writing*, one gathers, will be followed by a further volume devoted to a selection of critical articles. This anthology is confined to poems, short stories, documentary reports and biographical sketches; and the principle of selection is that all are pieces which have given and still give the editor pleasure. Most of the fifty contributors are very distinguished; but the same cannot be said of the contributions. There are fine things in the collection, Sir Osbert Sitwell on Wilfred Owen, William Plomer's *Letter from the Sea-side*, the short stories by Jules Supervielle, Anna Kavan, T. C. Worsley, V. S. Pritchett and, most notable of all, Lionel Trilling's *Of this time, of that place*. But many of the best writers are represented by work below the average.

This inadequacy springs in some cases from the reprinting of occasional pieces topical enough at the time, but insufficiently realised to survive the collapse of the situation on which they were built. *The Lull* by Henry Green, for example, accurately describes the decline of morale at an Auxiliary Fire Station after the blitzes ended and before the flying bombs began. In another twenty years it may be interesting to a social historian. But to-day, because the author failed to find what was of permanent interest in a transient mood, it is as dowdy as an old hat. Elsewhere, as in the short stories by which Miss Rosamond Lehmann and Miss Elizabeth Bowen are represented, the author has passed as finished what in fact should have been the penultimate or propenultimate draft. The final story can be perceived but it is shrouded in extraneous details. Then Silone's *The Fox* falls into a third category, the propagandist story which loses its point through the success of its propaganda. While the Duce was still alive, *The Fox* was a powerful anti-fascist story. The Duce dead, it has to stand on its own as a work of art and on this count, it seems to me to fail. Compared with other anti-fascist stories, it is humane; compared with other short stories, it is of no great significance.

"It would be foolish of me," writes Mr. Lehmann in his Introduction, "to expect that everyone will find the same pleasure as I do in all the contributions; but I would like to believe that the balance must be heavily on the side of pleasure." In that judgment I concur, if the word "heavily" is deleted. But I must add the rider that it would be equally foolish to read the book through at a sitting as I have done. An anthology, it is intended to be culled.

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HORTICULTURE

The Royal Horticultural Society's Dictionary of Gardening. Edited by F. J. CHITTENDEN. *Oxford University Press.* 4 volumes. £10 10s.

If gardening was only second or third among the crafts in point of time, it was probably the first, together with agriculture, to become the subject of technical writing: technical, however, only incidentally, for although Hesiod was an admirable agronomist, as witness the *Works and Days*, he was so only in the course of being a poet. The case of Virgil is similar, but his poetic-technical writing was an anachronism, for by his time prosaic works on horticulture and agriculture were numerous. Most of the Roman books, including Cato's and perhaps Pliny's, owed a great deal to one Mago, a Carthaginian author who seems to have written the standard work for gentlemen who had retired to the country to manage their estates; and to a lost treatise by Saserna. In all the classical works gardening and farming are confused and, although separated in practice early in Imperial Roman times and probably before then, do not seem to have been separated in literature until comparatively recent times.

The earliest English work which, by its arrangement, may fairly be called the ancestor of the new Dictionary of Gardening, is Parkinson's, with the punning title *Paradisi in Sole Paradisus Terrestris*—A Garden of all sorts of pleasant Flowers which our English Ayre will permit to be noursed up, etc., etc. This was published in folio, in 1629.

However, the first Gardener's Dictionary properly so called was Philip Miller's, published in 1731 and in subsequent years. This was an original work in that the author created a style and arrangement which has governed the design of such books ever since. Miller worked in the Botanic Gardens at Chelsea and so sound a gardener was he, and so careful and thorough in his writings, that his 8th edition, published in 1768, is still the standard authority in certain matters of nomenclature, Miller having been one of the first to adopt the Linnæan system of binomials. This 8th edition stood until 1807 when Thomas Martyn published a new, four volume one, *The Gardener's and Botanist's Dictionary*, bringing Miller up to date and improving on his arrangement of the articles. Both Miller and Martyn were again modernised by Don and Younger, in 1831, with *A General System of Gardening and Botany*, a vast improvement on its origins.

Part product of these admirable forerunners and part original work, Nicholson's *Illustrated System of Gardening and Botany: A practical encyclopædia of horticulture*, appeared between 1884 and 1888. It was by far the best thing of the kind yet published and its fame became world-wide. It was translated into French and influenced all subsequent French works; and it was the basis of Bailey's *Manual of Cultivated Plants* in America. And, since the present Dictionary has Nicholson's work as its basis, the chain between Miller, and even Parkinson, and Chittenden, is unbroken.

Mr. F. J. Chittenden was for twelve years Director of the R.H.S. gardens at Wisley, a man of encyclopædic knowledge in horticulture, but a practical gardener who had tested what he knew, in practice. Unfortunately, his health failed when the work of compiling the dictionary was nearing completion and although he retired from Wisley to devote himself to his editorial work and struggled on during the war years when half his prospective contributors were not available, he died leaving the dictionary unfinished. His work passed to Mr. P. M. Synge, editor of the R.H.S. *Journal*, and to Mr. W. T. Stearn, librarian of the Lindley Library. The book was carried out in the Chittenden spirit: that is, the principal experts were employed to write the articles on each plant, and care was taken that the writers chosen were men and women of practice as well as theory—in Miller's expression "the most experienced gardeners of the present age."

The arrangement has been to deal with every known garden plant both botanically and horticulturally, so that the work is a manual as well as a dictionary. Moreover, all the ancillary subjects are covered—techniques, tools, plant parasites and diseases, manures: in short, every aspect of gardening. There can be little doubt that the Dictionary will supersede all former works of the kind both in Britain and abroad. It is even probable that the new Dictionary will be the last in the series which began with Miller's, or rather with Parkinson's, for the Society proposes to publish from time to time supplements to the original four volumes which will correct, modernise and add to the original information.

In any encyclopædic work in which thousands of special subjects are treated briefly it is always possible for the specialist in a single subject to find fault. Even to-day gardening is by so much more an art than a science that one man's successful methods are liable to be a function of his personal qualities rather than of a general theory. Consequently there will be carping criticism of sections of the dictionary, but there can hardly be more than one opinion as to the usefulness of the work as a whole, and its publication is a major event in the long and gracious history of horticulture.

EDWARD HYAMS

NEW NOVELS

End as a Man. By CALDER WILLINGHAM. *Lehmann.* 10s. 6d.
A Little Night Music. By MARY JANE WARD. *Gollancz.* 10s. 6d.
Lieutenant Hornblower. By C. S. FORESTER. *Michael Joseph.* 12s. 6d.
The Eastern Gate. By JAMES KINROSS. *Hamish Hamilton.* 11s. 6d.

The American service novel is becoming something of a hat-stand for English critics to hang their dustier homilies on. Every now and then they berate the "senseless" brutality, "unvirile" sadism, "misapplied" shock-tactics and "unnecessary" vocabulary of books like *The Naked and the Dead*. They do so circumspectly, taking care to qualify their abstract nouns. Some disguise their state of dither by cultivating a sophisticated detachment that implies that they have been trafficking with strange merchandise for far too long to let a little nastiness like this worry them. Life, we know, *is* nasty. What, after all, could be nastier than the gangrened club-foot in *Madame Bovary*? Yet even when we have noted the gulf that separates dead geniuses from live authors, the fact remains that most American novels of this type, with all their crudities and emotionalism, have ten times as much vitality and character as the indigenous hardy annuals to which voluntaries of faint praise are devoted each week. In reaction to such an attitude, there is a tendency to over-rate such American fiction as a streamlined, finished product whereas, in fact, I think it marks a transition stage of promise.

All this means that *End as a Man* has been treated too much as a battle-cry and criticized too little on its own merits. I found this account of a military academy in the Deep South, a shapeless, crackling book of immense verve, great descriptive force and a maddening lack of construction. Whether the picture is authentic I cannot say, but the dialogue suggests that Mr. Willingham has his ear well to the ground. One would have to go far to find an English writer with the same sense of staccato conversation. Individual scenes—an illegal freshmen's club, a brawl in a decayed Southern mansion—stand out sharply. The author conveys his martinet atmosphere superbly and the book moves to a steady backfire of command and exhortation ("Pop to!" "Brace!" "Grind that dome in, mutt." "Lay those ribs on the table and squat like a rock!") Above all, Mr. Willingham has rendered the peculiar flavour of the American military scene, cast-iron authority cloaking a basic emotionalism.

There was a long silence. Then the General said slowly, "Cadet de Paris. I have never inspected a

room in worse disorder than this one. It is as if pigs live here. Not human beings, but grunting, filthy PIGS. Do you hear me, sir?"

"General Draughton, I am not a pig, sir."

"Then kindly do not live like one."

"Sir, I was ill when I awoke this morning."

"Cadet de Paris, such a cowardly dodge does not impress me in the slightest."

Jocko answered, "I'm sorry if you consider me a liar, sir."

"I am equally sorry, Cadet de Paris, that you find it necessary to be one."

"General Draughton, I give you my word of honour as an Academy Cadet that this morning I nearly fainted on two occasions."

This certainly isn't Sandhurst. It isn't even Potsdam, Catterick or Sparta. One great drawback is that the author never makes his viewpoint clear. His novel is far from being a satire and General Draughton, for all his hammy mannerisms and faulty syntax, is more a lopsided father-figure than an old scarecrow drawn in malice. His presence broods over the Academy like Arnold's over Rugby, though far less efficiently. Indeed, these rum-and-coke larrikins bear a good deal of resemblance to nineteenth-century schoolboys. The bullying Hagan, the handsome, self-willed Jocko de Paris, are new variations on Flashman and Steerforth. Unfortunately, Mr. Willingham has a far firmer hold on his general setting than on his central characters. Nor does his homosexual theme, though it is ably handled, bear much relation to the rest of the book. McKee and Colton are the wrong type of inverts for an institution like the Academy. They belong to a kind of G.I. intelligentsia that can be seen any night of the week in St. Germain-des-Prés but is out of place in Hemphill Barracks.

A Little Night Music is a far more even, competent piece of work. Yet, here again, it is the social surround, the incidentals and secondary characters that the writer handles best. The core of the book is Elizabeth, a run-down spinster on her way out of the *rentier* amenities she has known all her life. Sawyer, Elizabeth's home-town near Chicago, is John O'Hara's Gibbsville twenty years on, a shade more self-conscious, a good deal less tolerant. Anti-Semitism is on the increase and they take care to ban all the Bergman movies. Elizabeth's father, Ralph, is an older Julian English, whose snobbish perfectionism has dogged his daughter's life; one by one her beaux have vanished at Dad's cool stare and Elizabeth has put away their fraternity badges. The action, linking together a number of well-observed flashbacks, covers the 24-hours of her fortieth birthday and winds up with a family luncheon presided over by a shrewd but lunatic aunt. Elizabeth receives her *coup de grâce* and reprieve from misery at almost the same moment. Miss Ward is less successful with her heroine than with her middle-aged clubwomen and city-slickers. The plight of the Middletown matron, bogged down among the impedimenta of American living, hag-ridden by the need to decide whether to dye her hair pink or orchid, wear bifocal or trifocal glasses, or buy her cosmetics at Macy's or the little shop beyond Forty-Fourth, has never been put so pithily. At her best, Miss Ward writes like a slow-motion Dorothy Parker.

Of *Lieutenant Hornblower*, I can only say that Mr. C. S. Forester has pulled it off again. His writing has the Nelson Touch and he does his job so well and so consistently that reviewers may be forgiven for churlishly taking his great craftsmanship for granted. His new novel is in some ways even better than its predecessors. Set in the West Indies just before the Peace of Amiens, it involves Hornblower in the Haitian rebellion. As usual, the book is crammed with gunnery and navigation. It also contains a superbly paranoiac captain. The final chapters make one realise for the first time just what it meant to be a half-pay officer in the Napoleonic Wars. Playing whist for a living is a new and harrowing role for Hornblower, and the rubber with which the book ends is its most exciting incident.

The Eastern Gate is good enough for one to quarrel with it for not being better. This tale of a Foreign Legion battalion in French Indo-China makes a lively, exciting book and if it were only that, there would be little more to be said. But in his characters—Mindot the colonel, Troyez the *vichyssois* major and Perez the Spanish ex-Communist—the author has created types that cry out for fuller development. Mr. Kinross writes in a plain, straightforward manner that effectively conveys the hostility of the jungle or the criss-cross of political motive. One rarely complains that a novel is too short but in this case I think the author would have done well to have added another 100 pages.

JOHN RAYMOND

SHORTER REVIEWS

Books and Writers. By ROBERT LYND. *Dent.* 16*s.*

This is a second dip: the first was the Everyman volume, *Essays on Life and Literature*. Lynd was first of all an essayist, and only by profession and habit a critic. The present selection represents the weekly reviewer who might have taken as his heading, "In Defence of the Average Point of View." He re-reads Whitman or Meredith, returning to early enthusiasms; gets bogged in late James or later Joyce; finds Scott still readable, Blake over-rated, Eliot clumsily mysterious; *Tristram Shandy* is one of his chief loves, and Jane Austen, of course, he adores. It can't be pretended that he says anything memorable or new about any of these writers, favourite or unfavourite; and yet one can get pleasure from reading these articles. For one thing, it is useful to have the sane, moderate view so modestly and insistently put forward; wild, inarticulate barks and spell-weaving sillies have certainly had their say in criticism to-day. Then, the cumulative effect of reading Lynd on Trollope, Wells, Moore, anthologies, Uncle Toby, etc., is to bring Lynd himself before us. He writes, unobtrusively, so well; his criticism isn't as a rule fine, his judgments don't press home, but the tone of voice carries. Humane, leisurely, wise, sceptical, bookish, yet always with the French windows open on the garden or the door on the street, he keeps up the pretence of a delightful chat, in which any brilliance must have come from ourselves. By being himself, Lynd makes us feel how clever we are; and yet he'll go on, imperturbably, about this and that and everything, while we need, perhaps, our special occasions. Does he come down rather obviously on the lack of passion in Flaubert's life? But who ever worked more passionately than Flaubert? And what about—? But already Lynd has moved on, to discourse within the same sensible limitations, about Kipling or Keats. Even as a reviewer he has the literary instinct: to probe too curiously will ruin the tone. There aren't so many essayists alive that we can afford to disparage one who has made an art of natural charm.

The Language of Shakespeare's Plays. By B. IFOR EVANS. *Macmillan.* 18*s.*

There has been closer study of the language of Shakespeare in the last thirty years than in the previous three hundred. It is clear that while critics are always ready to argue about plot, character, sources and even the exact dimensions of the Elizabethan stage, they shy away from the most important subject—usage and style. Lately, however imagery, diction, grammar, punctuation, the use of proverbs and of technical terms have attracted both the rhapsodic and academic commentators.

Professor Evans mentions in his introduction some of these critics—Rylands, Miss Spurgeon, Clemen, T. W. Baldwin, Sister Miriam Joseph. But he is not concerned with general theory. He examines the plays one by one, in approximate chronological order, and by copious illustration attempts to show the variety and flexibility within a given play, and its contribution to the ordered development of Shakespeare's powers. Early elaboration is followed by costly and difficult simplicity of style. The book is not addressed to the specialist, but is rather an invitation to follow a course of reading through the plays. The sonnets and poems are not mentioned, nor is Professor Evans concerned with the Elizabethan background. He is thinking in terms of spoken verse, however, and the theatrical effects of language; above

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all, of Shakespeare's power to move his hearers; to capture them by suggestion, by rhythm and the colour of words.

With the Skin of their Teeth. Edited by G. O. NICKALLS. *Country Life.* 15*s.*

Close sporting finishes. But why, we may wonder, before rushing in to join Darwin on the links or Sutcliffe at the crease—why *With*? Mr. G. O. Nickalls's Foreword explains. *By the Skin of their Teeth* had been the title selected, but Mr. Bernard Darwin, acceding to the request for a contribution, replied: "Forgive my being pedantic, in saying that the right quotation is 'With' and not 'By.' What Job said was, 'I am escaped with the skin of my teeth.'" But is what Job said evidence? Of course, *by* is every bit as good as *with*: better here, since more idiomatic.

Besides golf and cricket, rugger, soccer, tennis, boxing, athletics, rowing, and horse-racing—each dealt with by an enthusiastic expert—provide the close finishes. Excitement varies. Mr. Darwin can doodle round a green (or should we say, greensward?), and extend the moves like elastic; he does so here with Bobby Jones at St. Anne's in 1926. Horse-races, on the other hand, as Mr. Gilbert Gilbey remarks, abound in close finishes, and barely survive on paper. Somewhere between the two come rugger, soccer and boxing. Tennis, for some reason, relates well; John Olliff's account of Tilden cracking up against Cochet is one of the best pieces in the book. The University boat-race of 1949 (G. O. Nickalls) still excites, and Harold Abrahams communicates an autobiographical thrill to the hundred yards. The test of such a book is whether it can interest an outsider. Will the rugger fan find himself for once in the grip of soccer? Here, perhaps, he may. The match between the Dynamos and Arsenal—as recounted by Bernard Joy—in a dense fog, under totalitarian refereeship, and divided at half-time by long tactical talks, provides not only a close finish but a real snorter in the way of sporting events.

Dr. Viper : The Querulous Life of Philip Thicknesse. By PHILIP GOSSE. *Gassell.* 21*s.*

"He had," wrote Fulcher of the 18th-century eccentric, Philip Thicknesse, "in a remarkable degree the faculty of lessening the number of his friends and increasing the number of his enemies." Dr. Gossé, who stumbled on Thicknesse while reading the life of the inventor of the Bath Oliver, sets out to soften this verdict. He reminds us that Thicknesse was Gainsborough's first patron and that the quarrels for which he is chiefly remembered, were at least "with a multitude of interesting and distinguished persons." He was a champion of the underdog, a supporter of American independence, and a friend to the soldiers under his command. Much of his spleen may be ascribed to laudanum. His writings were voluminous and catholic: they include books of travel, a treatise on cipher, a medical pamphlet entitled *Man Midwifery Analysed* and *An Essay on the use and abuse of Warm Water in Gouty Cases*. Dr. Gosse has made an entertaining, picaresque biography out of his vindication. Thicknesse may have been a backbiting old curmudgeon but he was certainly an original; if the reader remains unconvinced of his fundamental good nature, he will find him amusing company enough. A certain breezy off-hand treatment of the period is an occasional minor but irritating peculiarity of this book. For example, why must Mr. Ifan Kyrle Fletcher, in an interesting appendix headed "What Thicknesse Read," refer to *The Spiritual Quixote* as "a very popular book of satire, frequently re-issued in one- and two-volume editions." Graves's work is neither so dead or so unknown as all that.

Les Chants de Maldoror. By LAUTREAMONT. Translated by GUY WERNHAM. *Peter Owen.* 21*s.*

One of the better known paroxysms of the literary movement which Dr. Mario Praz has recorded in *The Romantic Agony*, Lautréamont's book has had two periods of modest fame. It was written in the Sixties, published in 1879 nine years after its author's death, and achieved the first phase of its reputation over the following years. The second phase began shortly before the first World War, from which *Maldoror* emerged as the principal literary inspiration of the Dada and surrealist movements. Since about 1930 the reputation of the Comte de Lautréamont, alias Isidore Ducasse, has been in decline; although Mr. Henry Miller, for instance, has since emitted a note or two of the authentic panegyric music. At all periods his reputation has been enhanced by the frigid neglect of academic critics, who have been unnecessarily frightened by it.

In fact, *Les Chants de Maldoror* is the unevenly impressive, profoundly affected, painful, queer and silly work of a very young man who, at his death, had not been successful in imbuing with his own originality a literary tradition which in his lifetime still possessed great power. Indeed the diabolism, the blasphemy and the "evil"—the painstakingly necrophilous "evil"—of the tradition was still giving off its last pale marsh-gas flicker in the *Yellow Book*. Lautréamont's more robust qualities, his realism and his religious disgust, found more worthy successors. *Les Chants de Maldoror* is a book which deserves this translation, which appeared in America in 1943 and is now issued here in a handsome format which is not expensive at a guinea.

Music in the Primary School. By H. WATKINS SHAW. **The Playing of Chamber Music.** By GEORGE STRATTON and ALAN FRANK. **Opera for Amateurs.** By FREDERICK WOODHOUSE. Student's Music Library. *Dobson.* 6*s.* each.

Opera Production for Amateurs. By HAROLD SMETHURST. *Turnstile Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

These handbooks are filled with lively thought and direct practical writing. Each is recommended strongly to its particular audience, and all four to music students. If Mr. Shaw's book provokes little disagreement, it is not for lack of new suggestions, but because what is unconventional is convincingly argued. Not only teachers in schools, but all music teachers and also musical parents can read it with profit. The book on chamber music is a reprint from 1935, a manual of helpful instruction for those—students or adults—who are forming chamber ensembles. There are three detailed performers' analyses, of Mozart's K.465, Beethoven's third Rasumovsky, and the Debussy quartet.

In *Opera for Amateurs* Mr. Woodhouse steers a straight course—one without Dents in it—through the "exotic and irrational" arguments, not in the usual boring way with stress on ensemble and fun and popular production, but with more balanced outlook. "Opera," he says wisely, "remains but a poor thing if its appeal depends on any mere phrase by phrase understanding of its libretto." He knows well that the singers are far, far more important than conductor or producer. The clarity of this book recommends it to all opera-goers; and it is a valuable antidote to modern opera heresies. The last third of the book is concerned with general principles of amateur opera production. This subject is examined in practical and thorough-going detail in Mr. Smethurst's chapters. Each aspect of production, from casting-auditions to the curtain-calls after the first performance, is sensibly considered; and six operas suitable for amateur undertakings—*Dido and Aeneas, The Impressario, The Beggar's Opera, The Bartered Bride, the Immortal Hour, Love at the Inn*, are discussed scene by scene, move by move.

Forms of Public Control and Ownership. By EDWARD GOODMAN. *Christophers.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Training and Promotion in Nationalised Industry. ACTON SOCIETY TRUST. *Allen & Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

British Industries. (Third Edition.) By G. C. ALLEN. *Longmans.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

In these three studies of British industry, the reader may proceed profitably from the general to the particular. Professor Allen's survey, originally published in 1933, now appears in a third edition which carries the story forward to 1950, including new chapters on rayon and building. Descriptive rather than critical, the book is useful for students in search of a comprehensive, if somewhat superficial, picture of the development of Britain's staple industries.

Mr. Goodman deals with the application of public control to certain of these staple industries. He admits to a lack of personal sympathy with State ownership; and his bias in favour of the philosophy of political liberalism leads him towards suggestions for decentralising public corporations into smaller units infused by the competitive spirit. To these there are more serious practical objections than he appears to think. Nevertheless, he is a fair-minded critic; and, apart from serving as a handy book of reference, *Forms of Public Control* raises a number of pertinent questions to which few would contend that an adequate answer has yet been found. Not least among these unsolved problems is that of ensuring that in the nationalised industries there is no room for suspicion of nepotism in the selection of men for promotion and leadership. The Acton Society Trust has done a good job in studying the various methods and policies which have been adopted in nationalised coal, electricity, gas and transport in relation to training and promotion. The Coal Board's "ladder plan" is outstanding in this field; but even in this industry, as the study shows, much remains to be done before the rank and file can be satisfied that the right men are always holding the right jobs at the top.

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Company Meeting

HOOVER LIMITED

ALL PREVIOUS RECORDS SURPASSED

STRIKING EXPANSION IN EXPORT MARKETS

SIR CHARLES COLSTON'S REVIEW OF WIDESPREAD ACTIVITIES

The annual general meeting of Hoover Limited will be held on March 31, 1952, at Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.

The following is an extract from the review of the Chairman and Managing Director, Sir Charles Colston, C.B.E., M.C., D.C.M., which has been circulated to stockholders covering the year ended December 31, 1951:—

In my last annual review I was able to report that 1950 had been a record year in the history of the Company, surpassing by far all previous records. I am glad to tell you that in 1951 we made even greater advances. We substantially expanded our business and our growth was greater than at any time in our history. The increase in our turnover in 1951 was about double the total turnover in our peak year before the war.

During 1951 our turnover and profits were substantially larger than our total turnover and profits for the entire period from the commencement of our activities in 1919 down to the end of 1939, by which time we had established a large and flourishing business. In a single year we have eclipsed all the achievements of this period of 21 years—a remarkable tribute to the strength and capacity for expansion of our virile undertaking.

EXPANSION OF EXPORTS

It is of significance to record that our expansion during 1951 took place in the export market. We have concentrated our energies on developing our markets abroad with gratifying results. These markets are more difficult and less profitable than the home market, but we have unwaveringly continued our policy of giving overriding priority to exports. In 1951 our exports were about two and a quarter times as large as in 1950. This striking expansion has been fairly uniform in each of the principal departments of our business—electric cleaners and polishers, electric washing machines and fractional horse power motors.

We have firmly established our leadership in the British electric cleaner and electric washing machine industries in the field of exports. During 1951 Hoover Limited exported nearly 50 per cent. more electric cleaners and 50 per cent more electric washing machines than all other British manufacturers combined. Results of this order have only been achieved by reason of the quality and price of our products, the intensive efforts to build up our overseas organisation in many parts of the world, and our readiness to make considerable sacrifices of sales in the home market.

After reviewing in detail the Company's progress in the world markets, the statement continues:—

Altogether we are exporting to 66 countries. The large export business that we have built up, widely spread over so many countries, should prove to be a source of increasing strength to our Company. This is all the more fortunate in view of the decision of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to cut down severely the supply of metal-using products to the home market in the urgent effort to wipe out our grave external deficit.

The priority we have given to exports has involved serious sacrifices in the home market. But our insistence on priority for exports should not lead to our being penalised in the allocation of materials. Manufacturers who in pursuance of Government policy have diverted supplies away from the home market should not have their home quota for 1952 reduced because they sacrificed home sales in 1951 for the sake of exports.

I trust that in working out detailed policy in regard to allocation of materials, the Government will take care to reward and not penalise manufacturers who have heeded their exhortations in the past to make the maximum effort to expand exports.

Demand for our electric cleaners in the home market during 1951 was satisfactorily maintained. The pre-eminent quality of our machines has given us a position of leadership in the industry, but our engineering and production departments are continually striving to improve still further the value and service that we give to the public.

PURCHASE TAX

There is no doubt that the doubling of the Purchase Tax to 66⅔ per cent. is preventing many families of moderate means from acquiring an electric cleaner or an electric washing machine now recognised as essential labour-saving appliances in millions of homes. I think it is undesirable that Purchase Tax should become a political issue. It should be taken out of the realm of politics. If not, it is likely to become the subject of agitation by one political party or another. Such agitation may have little practical effect on the level of Purchase Tax, but it will gravely unsettle the public mind and create those violent fluctuations of demand which are so injurious to industry. The problem is a recurring one, as in the period prior to each Budget, normal demand may be seriously distorted because of uncertainty about Purchase Tax. Certainly some solution to this problem on the part of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is urgently necessary.

FINANCIAL RESULTS

The continued expansion of our undertaking has led to an increase in our consolidated profit from £2,475,000 in 1950 to a new record of just over £3,000,000. The results which have been achieved, in spite of the many difficulties, are impressive. I believe that the most potent single factor contributing to our progress has been the incentive which the "A" ordinary shares have provided to nearly 100 of our senior executives. Incentive is the strongest weapon in the hands of management. In every section of the Hoover organisation the value of incentive has been proved to the full.

If the British economy is to obtain the more efficient capital goods which are so sorely needed, the volume of national savings must be increased. The policy of depriving ordinary shareholders of an adequate participation in the success of companies in which they have risked their capital will undermine the possibility of increasing, and even of maintaining, the present inadequate flow of savings. The State requires increased savings, and we should therefore so arrange our affairs that individuals are given the incentive to save more. This is essential to ensure a greater volume of risk capital. After careful consideration of all the circumstances the board recommend a final dividend of 1s. 3d., less tax, on each ordinary stock unit, making a total for the year of 1s. 9d., less tax, compared with 1s. 6d., less tax., for the previous year. On the basis of the above distribution the "A" ordinary shareholders are entitled to a dividend of almost 3s. 3d., less tax, per "A" ordinary share. We consider that the increased return to the ordinary stockholders is more than justified and they in turn will welcome the additional reward to the senior executives who hold "A" ordinary shares and who have contributed so much to the advance of the Company.

The financial strength of the Company is the result of the consistently conservative policy we have pursued over the years of ploughing back into the business an adequate portion of our profits.

THE FUTURE

The records achieved in 1951, and the resulting higher dividend distribution, are not to be taken as an indication of future trends. We shall treat each year on its merits. Undoubtedly we have many difficulties to face during 1952, all of which may not yet be apparent to us. Nevertheless we have confidence in our products, our business is now widely spread over many parts of the world, and we have a magnificent team which thrives on difficulties. I may say on behalf of all those in the Hoover organisation that we shall do our best.

MANOR HOUSE
HOTEL
MORETONHAMPSTEAD
DEVON

On the fringe of Dartmoor, golf, fishing, tennis within the grounds, also squash and badminton.

Enquiries for accommodation will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager.

HOTELS EXECUTIVE LONDON N.W.1

There's an OUTBREAK of COLDS & 'FLU TAKE 'ASPRO' AT FIRST SIGNS

Outbreaks of colds and 'flu are reported from all over the country. Lack of sunshine, lowered resistance—have made everyone doubly vulnerable. Get quick action and safe action directly a cold shows up by taking two 'ASPRO' tablets at the first signs and follow this up with a further two tablets every two hours if necessary. If the cold has really got a hold go to bed and take two or three tablets with a hot drink. Thoroughly covered up in bed you will get the full benefit of the anti-pyretic (fever-reducing) properties of 'ASPRO.'

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Goethe's World. Edited by BERTHOLD BIERMANN. *Peter Owen.* 21*s.*

This is a collection of documents—letters, diaries, and contemporary accounts—by and about Goethe, his contemporaries and his times. Deftly and without obtrusiveness, Mr. Biermann's editorial comments weave the three of the poet's life through the collection, but on the whole the 150 documents are left to speak for themselves.

A man who was statesman and privy counsellor before he was thirty and already something of a legend as the author of *Werther*, whose range of interest covered natural sciences, the theory of colours, politics and the theatre, whose activities included those of actor and producer, philosopher and poet—such a man must always remain a riddle; he cannot be explained, he can only be contemplated with awe. Mr. Biermann's collection does not make the riddle any clearer, but it provides a tempting appetiser to the body of his works. The knowledge of Goethe is far more rudimentary in the English-speaking world to-day than in his own lifetime. Could it be the difficulty of translation? At any rate, those of the documents here translated for the first time by Mr. Walter Sorell, are clumsily rendered.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,148

Set by G. de Vavasour

A critic has pointed out that as young men, both Proust and Galsworthy wrote answers in the "Confessions" Albums of the time. Examples of these are: *Favourite Flower.* Galsworthy: "carnations, well wired." Proust: "hers—but apart from that—all." *Favourite Quality in a Man.* Galsworthy: "stoicism." Proust: "feminine charm." Competitors are asked to give the replies of either Socrates, Macchiavelli, Goethe, Dr. Johnson, Queen Victoria, Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Shaw to the following questions: What is Your Private Fear? Your Source of Vanity? Your Favourite Animal? Your favourite Virtue? Your Idea of a Holiday? *and* Who would You Wish to Be if not Yourself? Entries by March 4th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,145

Set by Naomi Lewis

It has been suggested that there is too much rude peremptoriness in civic life. Prizes are offered for a persuasive, dignified and reasoning substitute, in not more than 80 words of prose or 6 lines of verse, for any one of the following: Keep off the grass. Commit no nuisance. One-way street. Ladies only. No parking. Queue here. Silence. Trespassers will be prosecuted. Private. No hawkers or circulars.

Report by Naomi Lewis

Ruskin, I thought, was clearly the man for the job; trenchant, noble, final his 80 words would have been; worth, too, the half minute of reading before the approaching stranger with a blush retired. The ideal entry, I realised (after working through the hundreds that arrived) should be a poetic or philosophic conception; it should contain wit without professing it; it should elevate the occasion. Only a few satisfied *none* of these; but how nice the proportion needed to be for success is shown by the near-winners—the prose appeals by Michael Sturge, for instance (I quote the shortest), with their faintly Chinese note:

> Our drive is long and our income small. Those who sell their wares by personal interview, or by the distribution of free literature, are therefore warned that, should they pass through this gate, they will walk a long way to no purpose.

Gravest consideration was given to the wags who chose to translate "*Entries by February 12th.*" Prizes of 25*s.* each go to L. E. J., Stanley J. Sharpless, J. R. S.; of 12*s.* 6*d.* to the authors of the other four printed. Hard on the heels of these come John Hanson, Michael Sturge, Officialese, Gavin Ewart, M.A.S., G. S. Wright, S. J. W., Bernard Brett, A. W. Clarke, J. S. Tresilian, C. W. Kaulfuss, Bones, P.M.

LADIES ONLY

This compartment is for Ladies who wish to travel without Gentlemen. British Railways are confident that Gentlemen who like to travel with Ladies will readily understand that Ladies who wish to travel without Gentlemen are not the kind of Ladies with whom Gentlemen who like to travel with Ladies will wish to travel. L. E. J.

SILENCE

Come, make a joyful hush,
Let no sound prick the ears
But the dropped pin's bump
And the heart's thump
And the music of the spheres.

LADIES ONLY

Lady, with other ladies if you'd ride,
This is your sanctuary; step inside.
Too bad, sir; but with ever-courteous smile
Absent thee from felicity awhile.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

COMMIT NO NUISANCE

We cannot specify the deed
Which we would have you shun,
But since you must stand still to read
You cannot also run;
In either case there is no need
To caution such a one. J. R. S.

PRIVATE

This door may lead to any place:
A precipice, a den of murk;
You may step out right into space.
You may surprise a man at work.
'T is such a door . . . and now, if you
Still wish to open it, please, do.

JULIUS POSENER

LADIES ONLY

Fair flowers of the tender sex, do please
To step this way, and take a moment's ease
'Ere you once more adorn the merry throng.
Gentle men, that proud title do not wrong!
Whoso would not disturb the timid fair
Avert his eyes, and take the other stair . . .

M. WALSH

KEEP OFF THE GRASS

Changeful seasons as they pass
Make no imprint on this grass,
Darkling shadows, lightfoot wind
Leave no tell-tale trace behind;
Step not on it, Friend—you may
Tread less airily than they!

NANCY GUNTER

TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED

Let none but the litigious stray
Beyond this post that marks the way
Approachant to my house;
Reflect, as tactfully you go
I, too, am in retreat; and know
'Tis what the law allows.

W. L. LINDSAY

CHESS: The Chess Mind

No. 125

This is the title of Gerald Abrahams' new book (English Universities Press), a most ambitious attempt at plumbing the depths hidden under the deceptively calm surface of a chessplayer's mind. Abrahams admits the combined influence of Immanuel Kant and Emanuel Lasker, and with such spiritual godfathers he could have hardly gone astray. He hasn't; he has produced what is probably one of the most intelligent chess books we are ever likely to see. I would give it even higher praise than that, the highest one can bestow on any book: it happens to be readable. To whet readers' appetites I could almost pick at random from hundreds of instructive positions. Here is one which, with no name mentioned, would seem to have been either concocted or actually played by the author. He is certainly right to call it an "endgame with an idea." After (1) R-Q2 ch Black cannot, of course, corner his K on account of K-Kt3; but after K-Kt8 he is beaten by (2) K-B3, P-Kt7 (3) R-Q1 ch, K-R2 (4) R-KKt1 etc. (2) . . . P-R7 obviously amounts to the same thing after (4) R-KR1. Hence, (2) . . . K-B8 is best, though after (3) R-QR2, K-Kt8. (4) R-K2 it leads to much the same *zugzwang* win of the pawns; and (3) . . . K-Q8 is defeated by (4) K-Q3, K-B8 [(4) . . . K-K8, (5) K-K3!], (5) K-K3, P-R7, (6) R-R1 ch, K-Kt7, (7) R-KR1, K-B6, (8) K-B3 etc.

Here—Kraus-Lutz, 1947—is another fine example of the Chess Mind at work. (I took it from a back-number of *Caissa*.) White played (46) P-KKt4; obviously, if RPxP, the White Rooks are doubled on the KR file for a mating attack, and BPxP was to be defeated by (47) P-B5 ch, K-Kt4 (48) RxP ch!, KxR (49) K-B4!! Unfortunately, though, the pretty scheme can be queered by the "interloper" (46) . . . B-B4 ch which may well have turned the tables by (47) K-Q3, BPxP (48) R (1)-KR1, R-KR2, (49) K-K4, R-K1! (50) P-B5 ch, K-Kt4, (51) P-Q7? RxB ch! etc.

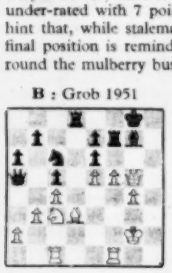
A: Semgalis 1951

True to the new policy of easier competitions. **A** and **B** may be rather over-rated with 4 and 5 points respectively. **A** was a position won by Semgalis (White) who cunningly played P-QR3, "daring" his opponent to play RxP ch. He promptly did so. Why (and how) was it punishable?

B occurred in a game won by Grob (White) at Madrid. What happened was (1) PxP, RxR, (2) RxR, QxKt, (3) R-B7! Had he been as wise as he was after the event Black would now have played (3) . . . Q-Kt7 ch, (4) K-R1, Q-R8 ch, (5) B-B1, QxKP, but, alas, he played QxKP at once. Two moves later he had to resign. Why?

As for **C**—White to draw—this is witty indeed. Yet, even our crack-solvers may well find this study under-rated with 7 points if I didn't give the useful hint that, while stalemate ideas play a vital part the final position is remindful of the song "Here we go round the mulberry bush."

B: Grob 1951



C: Kasparyan 1940

Usual prizes. Entries by March 3.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set February 2

A: (1) P-Kt4 ch, P x P e.p., (2) R-R4 ch, P x R, (3) R-Kt5 ch etc.
B: *Key:* Q-R5.
C: (1) B-Kt2, P-K4, (2) R-B3, ch, etc.

Among many touching tributes to Mieses were some from competitors who played him in the 19th Century. Dozens of correct solutions, including one airmailed just in time from South Africa by a competitor who merely gave a Johannesburg P.O. Box number. He shares the prizes with D. Finburg, Dr. H. E. Kay, B. Staszewski. In the 6th decade of the ladder three of the 2nd decade winners, J. R. Harman, E. Allan and J. M. Reid, come 1st, 2nd and 4th respectively with 701, 691 and 594 points. 3rd prize most deservedly goes to A. J. Head, who has totted up 629 points since we started 60 weeks ago. Some of the other "steady plodders" may well be in the running next time, and so should some of the 3rd decade winners, particularly D. E. Cohen who has amassed 505 points in 30 weeks, being merely 2 points short of the maximum in the last decade. The winners, of course, have to start again from scratch.

ASSIAC

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Barber Chair of Fine Art and Directorship of the Barber Institute. Applications are invited for the above post to be rendered vacant by the retirement of Professor Thomas Bodkin on September 30, 1952. The salary will be not less than £1,850 p.a. Applications should be lodged with the undersigned (from whom particulars should previously have been obtained) before March 8. C. G. Burton, Sec., The University, Edmund St., Birmingham, 3.

UNIVERSITY of Wales. University College of Swansea.—The Council will shortly proceed to appoint a Registrar. Applicants should be University graduates with administrative experience. Initial stipend £1,700 per annum, plus superannuation and family allowance. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College of Swansea, to whom applications must be sent by March 15, 1952.

UNIVERSITY College of Leicester. Lectureship in Economic History. Applications are invited for a Lectureship (Grade I) in Economic History. Salary £800—£1,100 plus family allowances and membership of F.S.S.U. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent by March 5.

LANCASHIRE Education Committee. I.M. Marsh College of Physical Education, Barkhill Road, Liverpool, 17. Applications are invited for a Lecturer in English with an interest in Art, to begin Summer term, if possible; alternatively Autumn. For applic. form and further details, apply Principal.

NATIONAL Maritime Museum, Greenwich. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for a post of Research Assistant (Grade I or II according to age). Only candidates 26 years of age or over on March 1, 1952, will be considered for the senior post. It is desirable that candidates should have a University degree with first- or second-class Honours (preferably in modern history) and a knowledge of the history of art; but candidates without these qualifications may be considered if they are exceptionally well qualified otherwise. The selected candidate will work under the Curator of the Department of Pictures, and his duties will include the inspection and care of the paintings, the identification and indexing of their subjects and painters, and the collection of materials for a catalogue of them. Salary: Grade II (men) according to age—£250 (age 18), £425 (at age 25 or over) rising to £535; Grade I (men) £575 to £725. Somewhat lower for women. Further particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4120/52. Completed application forms must reach him not later than March 13, 1952.

APPLICATIONS for training for employment as Probation Officers can be considered from British subjects between 21 and 40 years of age, who have a University Certificate in Social Science or equivalent qualifications; candidates without such a qualification can be considered if they have had a sound education, which will enable them to benefit from a course of study at a University and some practical experience in the field of social service; special arrangements may be made for university students who are accepted for training following graduation. Applications can also be considered from persons over the age of 40 who are exceptionally qualified by experience for this training. Particulars of allowances payable during training and forms of application can be obtained from the Secretary, Probation Advisory and Training Board, Home Office, Whitehall, S.W.1. This advertisement should be mentioned.

HAMPSHIRE County Council.—Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Educational Psychologist. The duties will consist of advisory work in the schools and clinical work in the Child Guidance Service. Candidates must hold a degree in Psychology. Teaching experience is essential and clinical experience desirable. Salary will be on a scale £700 × £25 × £850 for a man, or £630 × £20 × £750 for a woman. An officer using his or her own car when travelling on County Council duties will receive travelling allowance on the County scale for the time being in force. Forms of application with further particulars of the appointment may be obtained from the County Education Officer, The Castle, Winchester, to whom completed applications should be returned not later than March 7, 1952.—G. A. Wheatley, Clerk of the County Council, The Castle, Winchester.

RAINHILL Mental Hospital Management Committee, Rainhill Hospital, Rainhill, Near Liverpool. Applications are invited for the appointment of Librarian. Candidates should be Chartered Librarians or Graduates with suitable experience. The successful candidate will be responsible for the organisation and maintenance of the Library service at the Hospital, which accommodates some 3,000 patients and staff. Salary scale £455 × £15 (4)—£515 per annum. Appointment is subject to National Health Service (Superannuation) Regulations. Applications, stating age, qualifications and previous experience, with copies of two recent testimonials, to be sent to the Secretary immediately.

THE National Book League invites applications for a post dealing with its publications and certain of its exhibitions. Salary between £660 and £700 according to qualifications. Please apply before March 3 to the Director, 7 Albemarle Street, London, W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE appointment of Chief Accountant and Company Secretary is vacant in a large independently owned Departmental Store. Commencing remuneration £1,750 per annum. The appointment is an important one requiring experience and ability. Applications are only invited from those of 40 years of age and under, already holding responsible posts in Industry or Commerce. For fuller details and for an application form write to the Managing Director, James Beattie, Ltd., Victoria St., Wolverhampton, not later than February 29, 1952.

LONDON County Council. Secondary Schools—Headships. Applications are invited for the headships of the following secondary schools on form TS10/Secondary (TS.10B for candidates who have completed one of these forms since January, 1951, and have no information to add) from the Education Officer (TS10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. Closing date March 1, 1952. Haverstock Secondary (M) School, Chalk Farm, N.W.3., for 1,300 boys and girls (present roll 1,210); providing a variety of courses including courses leading to the General Certificate of Education and beyond. Further particulars with application form. Headmaster or headmistress required after summer holidays. Burnham group 16 (subject to review on April 1, 1953) based on an estimated unit total for March, 1953. West Square Secondary (B) School, Southwark, S.E.11, for 360 boys opening at Easter. Headmaster required after Summer holidays. Burnham group 4 based on estimated unit total for March, 1955.

BARKLY House Training College For Nursery Education.—Required for July 1952, Lecturer in Nursery School Principles, Method and Organisation. Supervision and arranging of practical work. Child psychology a recommendation. Salary scale £528 × 20—£600 × 25—£700 plus relative cost of living allowance. Applications with certified copies of Certificates and Testimonials should reach the Principal, Molteno Road, Claremont, Cape Town, South Africa, before April 1.

LONDON, N.W., Ind. recog. prog. co-ed. day school has vacancies September for trained teachers (Froebel pref.) (1) for 9-year-old group, (2) 6-year-old group, (3) 4-year-old group. Music a recommendation for one post. Applicants for (1) may be considered as Head of Lower School (responsibility allowance). London Burnham, King Alfred School, North End Rd., N.W.11.

QUALIFIED Staff required in all departments of growing progressive school taking large proportion of maladjusted children. Apply Box 9109.

DEVON County Council Welfare Department.—Applications are invited for the appointment of a fully experienced woman welfare officer for duties under the National Assistance Act, 1948, with special reference to the care of old people. Preference will be given to applicants holding Social Science Degree or Diploma or other specialist qualifications. Salary in accordance with Grade A.P.T.V., viz. £570-£660. Travelling and subsistence allowances according to scale. Application forms and full particulars may be obtained from the undersigned to whom they must be returned within 14 days of the date of the publication of this advertisement.—H. A. Davis, Clerk of the Council, The Castle, Exeter.

NATIONAL Association for Mental Health. Dunscroft Approved School. Two members of staff are required for this school where psychiatric treatment is provided. (1) A resident S.E.A.N., or person with nursing experience, to be responsible for the health and general well-being of the girls, and also to assist with general duties. Salary scale of S.E.A.N., £285 × £12 10s. to £385. If not S.E.A.N., salary to be determined according to experience and suitability for the post. (2) House Instructress to be responsible for the organisation of housework and for the training of a small group of girls doing this work as part of their school domestic course. Salary. If qualified for the Burnham scale for qualified teacher, £338 × £15 to £504, plus three approved increments. If not qualified, but suitable by experience, £270 × £12 to £306. "London Area" teachers allowance payable in addition. Both posts are resident with a charge of £78 p.a., for board and lodging. Applics. should be made as soon as possible to the Headmistress, Dunscroft, Moor Lane, Staines, Middx.

KENT Education Committee. Applications are invited from women for the appointment of resident Supervisor at Gap House Boarding Special School, Broadstairs, for 30 delicate boys and girls aged 7 to 9. Supervisor undertakes duties in connection with the care and supervision of the children. Salary £270 × £12 to £306 a year. Full board, lodging and laundry will be supplied for £78 a year. Applications to Dr. G. V. King, Denemount, The Vale, Broadstairs, stating age, experience and names of two persons to whom reference may be made, together with copies of two recent testimonials.

MATRON required after Easter for residential School for 50 speech-handicapped children, ages 5 to 16 years. Interesting post in educational community (only School of its kind in Great Britain). Health care, Domestic Management and Staff control an essential background to candidate's previous school experience. Applications, together with three references, to be addressed to Principal, Moor House School, Hurst Green, Oxted, Surrey, within two weeks of this insertion.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COUNTY Council of Essex.—Children's Department. Visiting Officers. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men and women for appointment as Visiting Officers in the Children's Department. The duties of the persons appointed will include the visiting of Children's Homes, boarding out, and visits to the homes of children who have been, or may need to be, received into the care of the County Council. Candidates should have a university certificate in Child Care, or a diploma or certificate in Social Science with special experience in child welfare. The salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the persons appointed but will not exceed a maximum of £545 a year. The Scheme of Conditions of Service of the National Joint Council for Local Authorities' Administrative, Professional, Technical and Clerical Services as from time to time amended, and as adopted by the County Council, is at present applicable to persons appointed on the established staff. The appointments will be subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and the persons appointed will be required to pass a medical examination to the satisfaction of the Council. Applications, giving full particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and the names and addresses of two persons to whom reference can be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, not later than March 5, 1952. Canvassing directly or indirectly is forbidden. John E. Lighthurn, Clerk of the County Council.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Deputy Superintendent required at Newport House, Great Baddow, near Chelmsford, Remand Home for 20 girls. Candidates should have experience in residential work. Post offers scope to woman interested in social work and with sympathetic understanding of delinquent girls. Salary £270 × £12 to £420, plus £60 special responsibility allowance, less £78 for board and lodging. Additional payment is made for any duties necessarily undertaken in excess of 48 hours a week. Particulars and application forms from Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

WARDEN required to take charge of large Industrial Hostel accommodating 1,000 persons. Experience in administration, catering and welfare essential. Please reply in writing giving full particulars of experience and qualifications to—J/C Personnel Department, National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s, 112 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1.

LONDON County Council. Applications invited for appointment as assistant organisers of children's care work in Education Officer's Department. Duties largely concerned with training and advising voluntary workers in social work in connection with schools. Social science diploma or similar qualification desirable. Salary £450 × £30—£600. Application forms from Education Officer (EO/Estab.2), The County Hall, S.E.1, must be returned by March 7, 1952.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE Education Committee.—Youth Leader required for appointment in the service of the Education Committee for duty at Slough Girls' Club. Salary for qualified leader related to Burnham Scale. Further particulars and application forms obtainable from D. E. Cooke, M.A., Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Aylesbury.

THE Y.M.C.A. is a world-wide Movement. It may offer you the opportunity you seek for a life of service. Applications invited from men between 21 and 30 to train as Secretaries. First essentials: A sense of Christian vocation; a good education; leadership ability in religious, social, educational and physical activities with youth; good health. Write giving full particulars of experience and qualifications to S/2 Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.A.s, 112 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

NURSERY School Teacher or young woman with similar training & experience wanted for non-resident (Jewish) Nursery in London. Box 9106.

RETIRED nurse or professional woman as housekeeper to elderly active lady, some failure of memory, but retaining intellectual interests. Sympathetic understanding important. Mod. house. Sussex. Dom. help if required. Or:— 2 friends, one capable gardener to share above duties. Box 8981.

WORLD University Service requires Assistant Secretary Finance Officer. Knowledge of Accounts, Appeals, Relief Supplies and Office Management. Write for details before applying. W.U.S., 59 Gloucester Place, W.1.

FINE Art Publishers require Secretary to act also as General Assistant. Must be experienced. Write or telephone for appointment Gerrard 4083, Box 9112.

WEST-END Language School requires shorthand typist-receptionist. German, French and bookkeeping useful. Box 8972.

AT your service for introductions to secretarial posts in Central London. Call and see Miss Topham, Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

CHIEF Chemist of expanding chemical firm required deputy. Must be qualified, pleasant, but vertebrate personality, with yellow fingers. Emulsion experience an advantage, but not essential. Salary about £600. Write Box 8968.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EXPERIENCED caterer-housekeeper used to large numbers wanted for Jewish Communal Centre (East London). Full particulars and refs. to Box 8781.

AN Organiser (married woman) wanted for social work two days a week in West and South West, if possible based on Bristol; some travelling. Age, education and experience, marked A.O., to The Family Planning Assocn., 64 Sloane St., London, S.W.1.

COMPANION Help required able to cook and be useful to elderly lady with broken wrist, otherwise well and active. East Grinstead. Attractive home. Box 8888.

£3 per week offered by two-year-old girl, both parents at business, for lady to look after her in small Chelsea flat. Mondays-Fridays, 9 to 6.30, and rare evenings, starting April. Please write to her father, Box 8982.

PLEASANT person wanted to live in doctor's family and help housewk. and practice. London, W.1. Own bed-sit. rm. Week-ends off. £3 per week. Box 8977.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ENGLISHMAN, 25, Dip. Soc. Sc. (Lond.), exp. soc. work, public spkg., organising, etc., seeks post where knowledge social or political problems and ability with people reqd. Widely travelled, at present working tour Aust. and N.Z.; returning U.K. August. Suggestions welc. Write Box 52, G.P.O. Mt. Isa, N.W. Queensland, Australia.

YOUNG woman (25), educ., adaptable, expd. nursing secretarial bkshpg., shs. resid. post in home where daughter (5) welcome. Sebburn, 37 Cavendish Rd., N.W.6.

MAN, 36, scientific education, good mechanical draughtsman and artist, desires a permanent London post. Box 8690.

AXED. Jobless, homeless victim of Education cut, ex-Community Centre Warden, needs post, home. Qualifications: Social Welfare, professional Jack of all trades. Bright ideas to Box 8783.

EXPERIENCED sec., S.T., free odd half-days. ABC. 1765, ext. 1/MOU, 17 Ave.

IT'S those films again! Young woman, suspected of harbouring brains, creative imagination, & faith in future of British Film Production, wishes serve suspect s with sinvision. Efficient sec. & writes, too. Box 8813.

YNG. man, 28, present reporting for home counties weekly, wants change. Linguist, travelled newsagency, publicity, filmscript experience. Suggestions. Box 9087.

GRADUATE, 5 yrs. teaching, 5 yrs. editing exp., reqs. work London. Box 9116.

WARDEN-Housekeeper and Cook-Caterer seek posts in College Hostel or Guest House. London. Box 8799.

FELLOWSHIPS, SCHOLARSHIPS AND STUDENTSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of Nottingham. The University invites applications for: A number of Research Fellowships of a maximum value of £450 each per annum. These will be awarded with effect from October, 1952, to candidates who seem likely to make a significant contribution to knowledge in any appropriate field of learning in Arts, Education, Pure Science, Agriculture and Horticulture, or Applied Science. Applications must be received not later than May 1, 1952. A number of Post-graduate Studentships and Scholarships of varying values up to £250 per annum. These will be awarded with effect from October, 1952, to candidates who wish to pursue research in appropriate fields of learning in Arts, Education, Pure Science, Agriculture and Horticulture, or Applied Science (including Metallurgy). Undergraduates taking Final Examinations in 1952 are eligible to make provisional application which must be confirmed not later than three days after the publication of the degree examination results. Further information and forms of application may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom the completed forms must be returned.

SALZBURG Seminar, Schloss Leopoldskron Salzburg, Austria. Scholarships are offered for sessions in Social Relations (Social Psychology, Sociology and Cultural Anthropology) May 28-June 26; General Session (History, Literature, Government, Social Psychology and Philosophy), July 15-Aug. 23; Economic Problems in American Life, Sept. 1-28. Study at the graduate level. Admission is granted on evidence of ability and accomplishment. General age range 23-35. Special consideration given to those engaged in teaching, public life, or creative work and to advanced students. For further information and application forms write to: The Education Secretary, World University Service, 59 Gloucester Place, London, W.1.

UNIVERSITY of London. Hoover Post-graduate Studentship. Applications are invited for the Hoover Post-Graduate Studentship in Physics, Chemistry, Engineering or an allied subject, tenable from October 1, 1952, for two years. The Studentship, which is of the value of £275 a year, is open to both Internal and External Graduates of this University (students taking their Final Examination in June, 1952, are not eligible). Applications (on a prescribed form) must reach the Academic Registrar, University of London, Senate House, London, W.C.1 (from whom a form of applic. and further particulars may be obtained), not later than March 7, 1952.

Fellowships, etc. continued on page 230.

FELLOWSHIPS, SCHOLARSHIPS, etc., cont.

SCHOLARSHIPS Abroad, 1952/53. Applications are invited from British students for scholarships offered by governments and universities in the following countries: Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Italy, The Netherlands, Norway, Persia, Portugal, Spain, Sweden and Switzerland. These scholarships are tenable during the academic year 1952/53, usually for the complete session, but in some cases for shorter periods. Closing dates for receipt of applications from candidates vary for each country, the earliest date being March 8, 1952. Full particulars and application forms are obtainable from any British Council office in the United Kingdom, or by post, on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope (9in × 8in), from The British Council, 65 Davies Street, London, W.1.

EXAMINATIONS

THE Association of Certified and Corporate Accountants. June, 1952, Examinations. The half-yearly Preliminary, Intermediate and Final Examinations will be held on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, June 10, 11 and 12 next, in Aberdeen, Belfast, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Bristol, Cardiff, Cork, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, London, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Nottingham, Plymouth and Sheffield, and at such other centres, if any, as circumstances may warrant. Entries must be received before April 1, 1952, at the offices of the Association, 22 Bedford Sq., London, W.C.1.

PERSONAL

HOME offered to domesticated child-lover in return part-time care of toddler girl. Salary if additional work undertaken. Pollard, 72 Cromwell Ave., Highgate, N.6. Mountview 9906.

CARAVAN-Owner seeks secluded spot for summer, preferably near sea and within 80 miles London. Careful camper, with no children or animals. Box 8897.

DOCTOR'S Wife, 3 children, 8, 4 & 1, requires urgently unfurn./part-furn. accom. max. £10 monthly. Willing to help with house or children. Box 8896.

PROG. home for person inter. in children and able take sole charge child (1½) during day. Own rm., 30s. HIL. 1219.

WANTED anywhere Mediterranean or lake abroad, small furn. house, 3-4 persons, mod. rent, four weeks from July 26. Lyons, 37 Northway, N.W.11. SPE. 8090.

FAMILY would like to take P.G., girl Student preferred; live with family if desired. East Sheen Main Road, easy journey town. 'Phone Prospect 1430.

MAN, 25, sks. partner (m) leisurely trip Jugoslavia/Greece, July/Aug. Hitch-hike or Motor-bike. Box 8499.

SOLID black Austrian oak table, carved ball legs, 4½ft. square extending to 11ft., also 12 rush-seated chairs, need repolishing and re-seating. Offers? Box 9056.

PROFESSIONAL Woman, two children, appeals £150 to save home. Fullest enquiries. Box 8724.

BUSINESS woman, educated, quiet, desires small modern bed-sit. room in exchange sitting-in, mending. Week-end meals in exchange help in house week-ends. Convenient London city. Box 8841.

SPANISH m/cycle tour. Schoolmaster sks. comp'n. (m) 3 wks. summer. Box 8627.

BLIND masseur, experienced, gives general treatments. Schreiber, KNI. 1759.

MAN, 31, seeks companion (m.) holiday arrangements home/abroad. Box 8680.

WANTED, guitar lessons, moderate fee. Box 8814.

FRENCH girl sks. pos. au pair in family. Shap. 4 Rue Petits Champs, Paris.

INFORMAL family offers comfortable home, Thames Valley, handy reach central London, to young P.G. either sex. Box 8613.

BOY (12) wants holiday on friendly farm July or August. Terms. Box 8930.

BAKER St. School of Dancing (97). Private lessons and instruction classes in Ballroom Dancing. Welbeck 4841.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN. 5744. Personal Loans from £30.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

BERTOLA is the cream of sherries—Ask for Bertola Cream.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

HALL, Leic. Sq. Meetings, Classes, Socials. 7gns. evg. 17 Irving St. WHI. 3678.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

LGE. van, 2 ads. 2 chdrn., mxd. s'holding. Ideal cheap restful fam. hols. Vacs. all months. A. Cornford, Biddenden, Kent.

EASTER Holidays. Paying guests welcome in comfortable ex-Rectory, Devon-Somerset borders. 600ft. Attractive garden, lovely view; own dairy produce. Fishing available. 4½gns. p.w. Also small wing to let, independently. Box 8638.

PERSONAL—continued

YNG. Englishwoman, bi-lingual, exc. spds. Eng. sht. Eng./Fr. typ., wide Pers. Asst. exp., 4 yrs. U.N., arriving French Riviera end May, interested work polit./lit. writer or other post that area. Box 7877.

FOREST School Camps. Adventurous holiday in August for boys and girls aged 6½ to 18. Expeditions and hikes. Trained staff. Apply A. R. Cobb, 19 High St., Trumpington, Cambridge.

ACCOM. reqd. for 2 weeks of summer holidays for summer school for party of approx. 60 children and teaching staff. Apply Director, Manchester Central Board for Hebrew Education, 11 Bent St., Manchester, 8.

PAINTING during holidays on beautiful Pembroke coast. Easter to Oct. Individual tuition in artist's hill studio overlooking sea. For beginners and advanced people. Modern approach. Good accom. in farms, guest-houses, or bring caravan. Box 8965.

GENTLEMAN, energetic, shrewd, requires capital loan (£250) for safe business venture. Reasonable interest paid. Personal refs. given. Some security offered. Box 8292.

WOMAN teacher (London), interested in Roman Archæology, seeks to form mixed group for walking along Hadrian's Wall during Easter vacation. Box 8761.

WOMAN journalist wants evg. work. Preparation MSS., typg., etc. Box 8750.

CONFERENCE House: A large and suitably equipped house in ideal surroundings, 30 miles from London, is available for conferences throughout summer months. Moderate terms. Accommodation for 40 in single and double rooms. Box 9006.

PARISIAN Holiday—10 full days incl. excursions. £23, and £12 to spend. S.A.E. (1½d.) to Keen, A.I.L., 10 Bawtry Rd., N.20.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 9154.

CÔTE d'Azur. Cap Mimosa (nr. St. Tropez), magnificently situated on the blue waters' edge. A glorious holiday at the leading Riviera camp. English management. 14 days' incl. travel £25 10s. For brochure write Cap Mimosa, La Croix Valmer, Var, France. (4d. postage.)

SEE Spain for holiday value. The holiday of your life and easily managed within the allowance. 15-day holiday in Ibiza or other attractive resorts from £34 10s. Leaves £15 for incidentals. 18-day comprehensive Coach Tour of Spain 59gns. Leaves £10 for incidentals. New brochure ready. Write now. See Spain, 1 td., Dept. N.S., 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. MUS. 9351.

SPECIAL Tours to Austria in July and August. Personally conducted by former Austrian. (School Teacher in England since 1943.) Excursions and sightseeing included in cost of tour. Well within the £25 allowance. Write for full particulars to Max Fuchs, Laurel Bank, Long Park, Chesham Bois, Bucks.

NATURE Cure Health Centre. Blunham House, Bedfordshire. Apply to Secretary.

ALTHOUGH you may not be going abroad this year you will be interested in the Compass Club. Magazine and social calendar from Secretary, 19 Alexandra Gdns., Hounslow, Middlesex.

PARIS. Cheap holidays arranged. Good Family Hotel, Central. Single B. & B. from 16s., Dble. £1. Book now and avoid disappointment. Guides 10s. a day. Count di Santi, 63 Rue Marcadet, Paris 18e.

EASTER in Rome; a leisurely escorted tour visiting also Capri, Pompeii, Naples, Genoa. 17 days, 49gns. incl. Ask Mr. Lamming for details. Allways, 17 Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1. CHA. 6436.

A HOLIDAY in Switzerland? £25 is plenty! Charming lakeside and mountain resorts. All-inclusive Tours from 20gns. ex London (10 & 14 days) Good Hotels; Spending money £10-£18. Brochure free: B.T. Swiss Travel Agency, Dept. N.S., 59 Crawford St., London, W.1. (Tel.: AMB 4434.)

UNUSUAL Holidays planned for the £25 season. Send for this year's illustrated brochure to Dept. NS, Fairways & Swinford (Travel), Ltd., Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St., London, S.W.1. ABB. 2214/5.

DON'T choose an "en famille" holiday if you only want a change of air and scenery and are not really interested in meeting the people of the country you visit. Otherwise, add immensely to the delight of travel by staying with the people in their homes, through E.F.A., 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

WALKING tours in every Western European Country. If you want an energetic holiday off the beaten track write for programme. Ramblers' Association, 48a, Park Rd., N.W.1.

IF you cannot afford a holiday, have a course of Nerve Manipulation. A re-integrating treatment, relaxing, invigorating and stimulating. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Ask for explanatory brochure. Inquiries: Welbeck 9600.

EASTER in Paris, 5 days from £17 inclusive of three excursions, requires only £9 of your Holiday Allowance. Apply Hotel-Plan, Ltd., 245 Regent Street, London, W.1. Gro. 8921.

JOHN Vickers, Photographer of people, 29B Belgrave Road, S.W.1. VIC. 4915.

GERMAN.—Tuition in Grammar, Literature, conversation. Box 8725.

PERSONAL—continued

PAYING Guest wanted. Interested gardening, sport and the arts. Facilities smallholding, crafts, country, nr. London. Write Box 8874.

YOUR book, MSS edited/typd. Kate Stevens, Station Rd. Burley-in-Wharfedale.

DOUGLAS Glass, Photographer, 43 Black Lion Lane, W.6. RIV. 7522.

ORIGINAL Holidays: Are you interested in Spring ski-ing or a gay Easter party in Paris, Majorca, or a house-party in Britain? Details of these and other original holiday suggestions from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Amwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

HOSPITALITY and care offered for convalescence or for the aged. Lovely house—lounge & garden. HAMpstead 2281.

JUGOSLAV Holidays in holiday homes and camps. Departures every week-end from April (Summer Season), 16 days incl. from £20 or accom. only. Family accommodation. Holiday Friendship Service, 445 Strand, W.C.2. Send stamp.

HOLIDAYS abroad—not "organised" or mass produced but arranged as you or your friends may want. Cyprus—15 days (by air) from £131 9s., also Malta and Gib. No currency restrictions: Europe—any country available on £75 limit with adequate spending money. Write for brochure or phone. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. WHItehall 4114/5.

SEE Vienna and Salzburg in comfort. Enjoy a Tyrolean holiday without night travel. 14-15 days £25 to £35 10s. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course, Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

CANAL Cruising holidays for lovers of fine scenery. Comfortable cruisers for 2-6 people. Houseboat and Motorboat. Canal Cruising (N), Stone, Staffs.

PIANO lessons by concert pianist Continental training. Tel. Vic. 0820.

PITMAN'S shorthand. Private individual tuition in sunny, central flat. No classes. Day or evening. 'Phone PAD. 6929.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400/1272.

CORSICA. The best value for your money and your £25 allowance. London/Corsica by air and fortnight at the Camp de l'Horizon on the beautiful Bay of Calvi for £39 10s., only £13 of which comes out of your currency allowance. Wonderful bathing, constan. sunshine, perfect freedom. For illustrated brochure apply to: Horizon Holidays, Limited, 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. Telephone: City 7163/4.

LONDON Panel of Personal Consultants. Please write for brochure to the Hon. Secretary, 10 York Gate, N.W.1.

NURSE Ollivier. Colds, Colonic irrigation, Rheumatism. MAY. 1085.

NERVOUS and Muscular relaxation through dynamic breathing. Constance Tracey, WELbeck 5975.

YOUR £25 goes farthest with N.U.S. reduced travel and accommodation rates. There is still time to book for our mid-season ski-ing holidays in Austria, Norway and Switzerland; or to travel with us to the Riviera, to Italy or Sicily, to enjoy the Mediterranean Spring. Or perhaps you would rather see Paris during Easter—8 days for only £13 10s.? Whatever your preference, the N.U.S. can provide holidays to suit your taste. For further details write, 'phone or call on us at: The National Union of Students Travel Department, 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1. EUSton 2184.

SHIRTS re-collared, 6s. 6d., post free. B.4, OSEV, 6 Silver Cres., W.4. CHI. 0765.

P.S. "A quart out of a pint pot?" Unusual, yes, but Harold Ingham performs this interesting feat in the most agreeable manner by arranging a 3-weeks' holiday abroad with spending margin from the £25 allowance.

P.P.S. "Want to know how it's done?" Just turn to page 216 for further information.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. 'Phone BAY 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

LONDON. Bed/brkfast. 12s. 6d. nightly. H. & C. Comf. quiet hse. 2 min. Tube, 20 min. City/West End. Mrs. F. Boor, Cleff House Hotel, 43 The Grove, N.3. FIN. 5662.

FURN. service suites and rooms, some with private bathrooms, available at: 30 Queens Gate, S.H.W., breakfast only, WES. 0738; 121 Sloane St., C.H.W. & C.H., no food but light cooking facilities for each tenant, SLO. 6009; Craven Hill Hotel, 22a Craven Hill Gardens; Residential Hotel, PAD. 4870.

HAMPSTEAD bed-sitter & sep. kit., attractively furn. £2 10s. p.w. plus 2 evenings easy baby-sitting. PRI. 5726.

PLEASANT furn. rm. H. & C., & bkfast. Business person/student. SPE. 3758.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

LARGE single bedroom, mod. flat West Hampstead. Bed and breakfast/full board. Business person. HAM. 3122.

LONDON, N.7. Furn. accom. (dble). Own ckg. Buses. Underground. North 2046.

HOUSE to let. Furn. Attractive Essex village. 3 beds., child's playrm., gdn., daily help. Easter for 1 mnth. 4gns. p.w. Ethel House, Gt. Bardfield, Braintree.

TINY furnished cottage, in riverside bird sanctuary, upper Thames, lovely situation, electricity, sleep two. Vacant 3 weeks end March and July, August, Sept. Bathing, fishing. Particulars Box 8763.

DEVON—To let furnished, 1 year or longer from April. (Might sell.) Thatched 17th century Cottage (det.) between Chagford and Moretonhampstead (1 mile). Main electricity, modern drainage, gravity water, 4 bedrooms (spiral springs), 2 rec., elec. cooker, frig., tel., small pretty garden, timber garage. 20gns. per cal. month. References essential. Box 8652.

TO let. In fine position Yorkshire Dales. Furnished bungalow, sleep four. Bath, telephone. Dalegarth, Hawkswick, Skipton.

EXCHANGE attractive 1st floor £2 wkly. S/C flat, 2 rms., kit., bathrm., St. John's Wood, for larger. MAI. 3311.

FLAT wanted, unfurn., 2/3 rms., kit., bathrm., tel./use of. Mother, student daughter. End March/April. £100-£200. Cen. London. N.W.1/3/8—N.1. Box 8850

CAMBRIDGE grad., training for Chartered Accountancy, wants to live as P.G., with educated family. Box FE/28, c/o 95 Bishopsgate, E.C.2.

YOUNG blind Jewish lady, independent, urgently requires furnished room, London area, in house with garden to keep a guide dog. 'Phone AMBassador 3111.

AUSTRALIAN Nuffield Fellow requires flat. Close London. August 1 to October 10. About £6. Cooking facilities, bath, beds for self, wife, 3 boys 18 to 20 yrs. Garage. Cairns, 33 Rose Hill, Oxford. Telephone 7408

TEACHER (man) requires furnished flatlet or bed-sitting room with own kitchen, for April 1. N.W. District London. M. Rothman, 605 Shields Road, Glasgow, S.1.

PROFESSIONAL woman urgently reqs. small unfurn. s/c flatlet. Central London. Modest rent. Highest refs. Box 8765.

WANTED—lease/buy cheaply as possible legendary country cottage, E. Sussex village pref. nr. sea. Box 8729.

WANTED: Furn. Cottage/flat country/sea. Sleep 4 fortnight summer. Box 8836.

SCHOOLS

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed. B.

HILL House, Steeple Claydon, nr. Bletchley, Bucks, home boarding school, co-ed., 2-12. Fees £40 term. Good acad. results. Children/parents welcome in holidays. Mrs. J. E. M. Winter, B.A.

KING Alfred School (F. 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd., N.W.11.

LONG Dene, Chiddingstone, Edenbridge, Kent. Co-educational, 5 to 18. A group of 150 children and adults, creatively concerned with education, agriculture and the arts. Organic 200-acre farm. T.T. herd. Directors: J. C. Guinness, B.A., Karis Guinness (Dalcroze), R. G. H. Job, B.Sc.

MICHAEL House School, Ilkeston, Derbys. A Rudolf Steiner School founded in 1934. Education for boys and girls from 4 to 18 years. Boarders accepted.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm. T.T. Cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys and girls 9-18. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urban.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

SMALL group of weekly boarders accepted at St. Mary's Town and Country School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. Primrose 4306. Elizabeth Paul.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—con. from p. 232

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NEW Era Film Club presents "Tomorrow Is A Wonderful Day" (Israel) and the outstanding "Council of the Gods" (E. German) at St. Pancras Town Hall, Sun., March 2, at 7.15. Members plus members' guests only. Members 2s., guests 2s. 6d. Detls: Sec., New Era Film Club, 40 Berwick St., W.1. GER. 8993.

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MUSIC by yng. Australian Composers. Chair. Arthur Benjamin. 8 p.m. Feb. 29. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1.

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CARNIVAL Dance. Caribbean Labour Congress, London Branch. Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, Russell Square. Sat. Feb. 23, 7 p.m. Nearest Tube Russell Square. Guest Artist Louise Bennett.

MARDI Gras Carnival Ball, Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, W.C.1. Tues., Feb. 26, 8 p.m. Calypso Singers, Lords Beginner, Kitchener, Lion; Ambrose Campbell's Band, Humphrey Lyttelton; Compere Wilfrid Thomas. Tkts. 5s. 6d. from Fovles & International Bookshop, Charing X Rd., W.C.2; Melodisc, 48 Woburn Place, W.C.1.

THE Half-Century Sports and Social Group invite you to a Grand "Pancake" Dance at the London Studios, 10-11 Great Newport Street, W.C.2, on Tuesday, February 26, 8 p.m. Prizes & novelties. Tony Wayne's Orchestra. 3s. 6d.

SAT., Feb. 23. Gay International Social, Dance & Cabaret, 7-11.30 p.m., at Youth House, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1 (nr. Camden Town Tube). Presented by the International Youth Centre. Adm. 2s. 6d.

DINNER Dance. The Progressive Business Men's Forum. Members and guests 25/-, Lyons' Coventry St. Corner House, Sunday, Feb. 24, 7.30 p.m. Tkts. from Sec., 33 New Cavendish St., W.1.

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HANDMADE Pottery by Studio potters in Great Britain, from Feb. 13 to March 13, at Heal & Son, Ltd., 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

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MARLBOROUGH. 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Marquet Drawings. Daily, 10-5. Sats. 10-12.

NICOLAS de Stael. First Exhibition in England of paintings and drawings at the Matthiesen Gallery, 143 New Bond St., 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1, until March 15.

FRENCH drawings from Fouquet to Gauguin. The Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till March 16. Mon., Tues., Thurs., Sat. 10-6, Wed., Fri. 10-8, Suns. 2-6. (Sat., Mar. 1, 10-1). 1s.

PHOTOGRAPHS by Cartier-Bresson, one of the greatest living photographers, I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Daily 10-6 (Sat. inc.). Sun. 2-6.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. French Landscapes by 19th- and 20th-Century Painters. Ending Feb. 23. From Feb. 26: Recent Works by Peter Lanyon, and Italian Contemporary Paintings.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Recent Paintings: Ruszkowski. 1st Exhibs.: Edward Smith; Bernard Dunstan. Last week.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. First London Exhibition of Vieira da Silva; Thirty French Paintings; Etchings & Lithographs by Jacques Villon. Recent paintings by W. Barns-Graham. 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Paintings by Winifred Nicholson & Vivancos. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Evening Party for members on March 19, Tate Gallery (15s. inclg. wine and refreshments). Also Dinner in Rex Whistler Restaurant 7s. 6d. Exhibits selected from Private Collections of Committee and the Patron, H.M. Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother. Apply C.A.S., Tate Gallery, S.W.1. (Mem. fr. 1gn.)

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"A BRITISH Policy for China." Peace with China Council Rally. Kenneth Younger, M.P., Barbara Castle, M.P., James Cameron, Ritchie Calder, Kingsley Martin. Chair: Viscount Stansgate. Central Hall, Westminster, Tuesday, March 4, 7 p.m.

WOOL Education Society. A lecture will be given at 7 p.m. on Friday, February 29, 1952, in the Lecture Theatre of the Royal Society of Arts, John Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2, by Professor M. Postan, Professor of Economic History, University of Cambridge, on "The Medieval Wool Trade." For details of membership apply to Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

RT. Hon. James Griffiths, M.P. (former Colonial Secretary): "The Future of the British Colonies." Under auspices of United Nations Social Club, Fri. Feb. 29, at 8 p.m. Questions and discn. Gt. Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St. Marble Arch (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non. mems. 1s. 6d. at door.

ANGLO-U.S. Relations: A Conference with Barbara Castle, M.P., and Rt. Hon. John Strachey, M.P., on Sat. March 8, 2.30 at Beaver Hall, E.C.4. Tickets 2s. 6d. from Fabian Internat. Bureau, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1. (Tea available at meeting.)

HAROLD Wilson on the Budget: Livingstone Hall, Tothill St. (opp. St. James' Park Tube Stn.). 7.30 p.m., Friday, March 7. Tickets 2s. from Fabian Society, 11, Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

"REARMAMENT and the Welfare State," John Freeman, M.P., Tu., Feb. 26, 6.45, Hope House, Gt. Peter St., S.W.1. 1s. 6d. at door. U.D.C., 32 Victoria St., S.W.1.

FULL-Scale Model Meeting of the U.N. General Assembly. Kensington Town Hall, Tuesday, February 26 at 7.30 p.m. Commentary: Rt. Hon. Kenneth Younger, M.P. Admission by Ticket only (1s.) from UNSA, 25 Charles Street, London, W.1.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall. Rev. Stanley Evans on U.S.S.R., U.N.O. & Peace. Mon., Feb. 25, 8 p.m. Adm. 6d. B.S.F.S.

"POLAND'S New Draft Constitution"—Lecture by Mr. D. Turner-Samuels. Fri., Feb., 29, 7.45 p.m. British-Polish Friendship Society, 81 Portland Pl., W.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Thurs., Feb. 28, 6.30 p.m. Lecture in French by Prof. Robert Guiette. Subject: "Les Marionnettes, tradition populaire en Belgique." Adm. free.

HALDANE Socy. "Marriage, Divorce & Society," A. J. Brayshaw, Gen. Sec., Nat. Marriage Guidance Council. Wed., March 5, Niblett Hall, Inner Temple, E.C.4, 7 p.m.

POLISH Cultural Institute. Exhibition and Lecture "Life and Work in Polish Universities." Speaker: J. Daniels, Nottingham Inst. of Education lecturer. Fri., Feb. 22, 7.45 p.m. 81 Portland Place, W.1.

EDUCATION Cuts. Hampstead W.E.A. Peggy Jay v. Chairman L.C.C. Educ. Ctee. and Brains Trust of Administrators, Teacher, Parent, at 1 Broadhurst Gdns., close Finchley Rd. Tube. 2.30, Sat., March 1.

"CHALLENGE of Socialism" public meetings, Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Victoria, S.W.1. (2) "Do Men Make History?" Sunday, Feb. 24, 7 p.m. Socialist Party of Great Britain.

"THE Importance of Self-Expression." L. H. Leslie-Smith, M.A. (Oxon). Sun., Feb. 24, 7 p.m. Theosophical Soc., 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

CONWAY Discussion Circle. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Feb. 26, Guilfovle Williams, B.Sc., "Intuition and Intellect." Admission free. Collection.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Feb. 24, Dr. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., F.R.S.E., "Man and Nature." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome, Feb. 24: Reincarnation—Method and Purpose.

SHAW Society: "Major Barbara" reading, 57 Dean St., W.1. Feb. 29, 7 p.m. Non-members 1s. 6d.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. Prof. Hyman Levy on "The History of Rational Thought." Mon., Feb 25 at 8 p.m. Arts Theatre Club, 5-6 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. Visitors 2s.

"OUR Musical Heritage". A lecture will be given by Dorothy Hosgen, A.R.A.M., for St. Marylebone Public Libraries at Stone Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Feb. 25, at 8 p.m. Admission Free.

SOCIETY for Sex Education & Guidance. Dr. Rosalie Taylor on "The Work of the Family Planning Association." Wed., Feb. 27, Conway Hall, 7 p.m. Adm. free.

CARAGIALE, Famous Rumanian Dramatist & Writer. Lecture by R. D. Smith, illustrated by Dramatic Readings from Caragiale's works. Chair: Gordon Sandison, M.A., LL.B. Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Victoria. Sun., Mar. 2, 7.30. 1s.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., February 27, 7.30 p.m. St. Anne's Church House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "Bloodless Revolution in the Gold Coast," George Padmore. Adm. 1s. 6d.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Feb. 26, at 7.45 p.m. Mr. Allen Hutt speaks on the Events of February, 1948. Chairman: Mr. Frantisek Rohac. First Secretary to the Czechoslovak Embassy. Adm. free. All welcome.

BRITAIN-China Friendship Association Conference, London Committee. "No War With China." Sat., Feb. 23, Beaver Hall, Mansion House, 2-7 p.m. Chairmen: Mr. G. Bing, Mr. W. J. Ellerby. Speakers: Mr. S. Silverman, M.P., Mr. H. Dickinson, Dr. J. Needham, F.R.S., Mr. J. Gribbon, Mr. B. Buckman. Delegates 2s. Visitors welc. 1s. B.-C.F.A., 17 Bishop's Bridge Rd., W.2.

SOCIETY of Labour Lawyers. T. E. M. McKitterick and E. Wolff on "The Reform of Company Law." 7 p.m. Thursday, Feb. 28. Niblett Hall, Temple. Public mtg.

"THE Challenge to Humanism": four Sunday evening meetings to discuss public policy on religion. Feb. 24, 6.30 p.m., Virginia Flemming: "First Steps Towards a New Policy." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre (61 Cromwell Rd., S.W.7). Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall. Every Tues., 7.30 p.m. Meditation & Gita. Thurs., 7.30. Feb. 28: "Yoga in Practice." (Cont'd.) All welcome.

TARBUT La'Am (Jewish Cultural Centre), 37 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6. Sunday, February 24, 8 p.m. "Folk Song in Jewish Life"—Lecture and Recital by H. Goldbloom.

LINGUAFILM Cinema, 13 Suffolk St., Haymarket. Public showing of "Une Semaine à Paris" & other language teaching films. Mondays 6.30 and 8.30 p.m. Adm. free.

CONSTANCE Spry is giving two Illustrated Lectures on Flower Arrangement at the new premises of the Modern School of Flower Work, 29 Elm Tree Road, N.W.8. CUN. 8667. Wednesday, March 26, at 3 p.m. Admission 10s. (proceeds to Charity). Wednesday, May 21, at 8.15 p.m. Admission 5s. Tickets, bookable in advance, from the Secretary.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

WORLD Assembly of Youth Commonwealth Youth Study Group alternate Thursdays at National Union of Students' Hostel, 41 Tavistock Square, W.C.1. Next meeting March 6 at 8 p.m.—"Central Africa and Federation". Dr. Hastings P. Banda. Full details from 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

PERSONALIST Group. J. B. Coates on "Personalism and Existentialism," Conway Hall, Feb. 27, 7.30. Non-mems. 1s. 6d.

"FOLK Music from the Balkans," Bulgaria, Rumania, Albania, Greece. Lect. & recordings by A. L. Lloyd, at S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8, Sun., Feb. 24 at 8. Refrs. Tkts. 1s. (students 6d.) from Ctee. for Frndshp. Bulgaria, 17 Bloomfield Rd. W.9.

CHRISTIAN Action Lunch-hour Forum: Caxton Hall, 1.15, Tuesday, February 26, Mr. Basil Henriques on "Juvenile Delinquency." Dame May Curwen in the Chair.

CHRISTIAN Action & United Europe: Lunch-hour meeting, Wed., Feb. 27, 1.10 p.m. Memorial Hall, Farringdon St., E.C.4. Speaker: M. Andre Philip on "A Challenge to Britain." Chair: Robert Boothby, M.P.

"PRAYER—Its Meaning and Practice." Public Lecture by Hari Prasad Shastri at Shanti Sadan, 29 Chepstow Villas, W.11, Fri., Feb. 22 at 8 p.m.

"RELIGION & Superstition." Address by Rev. Philip Cohen at Sunday Service, Feb. 24, 11 a.m., at Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

THE Science of the Bible. Lecture Fri., Feb. 29, 7 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, by Alice Barnett. Title: "The Prophetic Age to the Gospels." Adm. free.

BUDDHIST Society, Public Lecture, Mon., Feb. 25, 6.30 Caxton Hall, S.W.1. "The Message of Buddha," Sri Raghavan N. Iyer.

MISS Sylva Norman will speak on "Shelley and Harriet" at 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, on Fri., Feb. 29, at 8.15 p.m. All welcome: no charge.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of three lectures on "Application of Sampling Theory" will be given by Dr. Nathan Keyfitz (Dominion Bureau of Statistics, Ottawa) at 5 p.m. on March 3, 10 and 14 at London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of two lectures on "Plato's Republic" will be given by Professor L. Amundsen (Oslo) at 5.30 p.m. on March 5 and 6 at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of three lectures on "Die deutsche Kunstprosa seit der Vorklassik" will be given by Professor A. Fuchs (Strasbourg) at 5.30 p.m. on March 5, 7 and 10 at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. The lectures will be delivered in German. Adm. free, without tkt.

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of three lectures entitled "Some Aspects of Humanistic Script, 1460-1560" will be given by James Wardrop (Victoria and Albert Museum) at 5.30 p.m. on March 3, 10 and 17 at King's College, Strand, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of two lectures entitled "Recent Facts and Problems about the relations between Ancient Russia and Scandinavia" will be given by Professor Gunnar Gunnarsson (Uppsala) at 5 p.m. on March 3 and 6 at the School of Slavonic and East European Studies (Masaryk Hall), University of London, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of two lectures on "The Evolution of Marshall's Principles and their relation to Contemporary Economic Thought" will be given by C. W. Guillebaud (Cambridge) at 5 p.m. on February 29 and March 7 at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, W.C.2. Adm. free, without tkt.

UNIVERSITY of London Institutes of Education and Child Health. An advanced Course free (full-time students occupying one University year and commencing October next) is open to qualified teachers, nurses, social workers and graduates who have had not less than five years' experience of the care of children and wish to equip themselves for senior posts in the field of Child Care. Financial assistance is available in certain cases for candidates approved by the Home Office. Further particulars may be obtained from Dr. A. H. Bowley, Child Study Centre, Coram's Garden, 41 Brunswick Square, W.C.1.

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